

Vol. XV



THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905

No. 25

THE MIRROR

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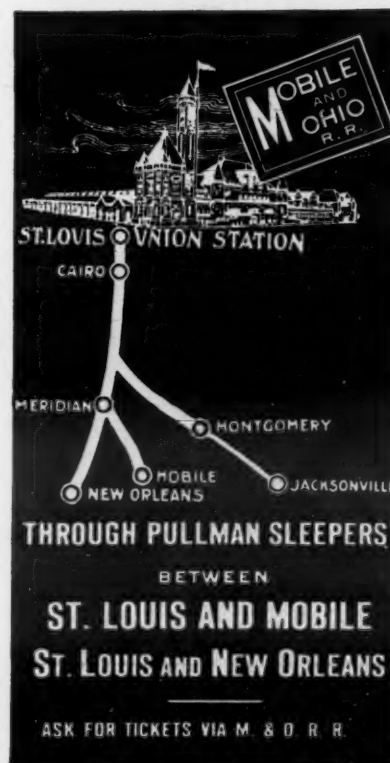
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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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A Summer Sermon

By W. M. R.

A PITEOUS plea for mercy to John D. Rockefeller is put forth on the basis that criticism and denunciation of him are wearing his good wife into the grave. If every bad man who has a good wife is to be dealt with leniently upon that score, then all the greatest scoundrels may go unwhipped of justice, for almost every man who has a wife, has a good one. This thing of mercy to criminals because of their families is mostly overdone. It seems that the criminals themselves should think of the results to their families before doing their evil deeds.

That the innocent suffer for the guilty is a mystery of justice, and no theologian has ever been able satisfactorily to explain it as a part of the "Sorry Scheme," but it cannot be that this wrong is in any way righted through a false charity which declares in effect that the sinner shall not suffer at all because the punishment of his sins falls partly upon his relations who are innocent. The plea that a man has a good wife, mother or sisters can be made for anyone brought to book for his misdeeds.

A better plea, though few dare to make it, is that there should be no punishment for anyone for anything, on the ground that we, the instruments of punishment, are, in fact, no better than those we punish, and that the sins of individuals against society are mostly caused by conditions of society for which the individual is in no way responsible. What crime of any man might you not conceivably commit under his circumstances? What man is holier than another in his most secret heart? There is no justification for human punishment of humans but selfishness—self-protection of our lives and, even more important, of our property. We are all in favor of mercy to the sinner near and dear to us. If we were really brothers under God's fatherhood we would clamor for the ruin of no one, for all would be held as kin. And if we were brothers there'd be no deeds done to cause our clamor. Then, too, it behooves us to remember that, to our knowledge, God has damned no one. Damnation has been dealt out solely by men claiming, with wretchedly poor show of authority, to speak and act for God. If you were God, knowing yourself as you are, and the secret hearts of all men, whom would you damn to Hell? Nobody? Or everybody?

But society must protect itself from the sinners it creates, and, maybe, in course of time, it will cease creating them, and then cease punishing them and their innocent kin. It all comes down to the proposition of Victor Hugo, who, when asked if he favored the abolition of capital punishment, said "Yes, but let messieurs the assassins begin it."

Philosophy comes to a lame and impotent conclusion on these matters, because men are not ruled by pure reason. No one should suffer from his fellow men, but fellow men make us suffer. They must be made to suffer themselves in order to check their evil deeds. If we do not believe in punishment we must make clean our own souls and hearts that we may preach it. As long as we are sinners ourselves

we shall punish others. There will be no punishment when there shall be no crime. Undoubtedly the sentiment we feel against punishment of the guilty which falls on the innocent is an advance in life, in that it makes many of us hesitate at doing things we might otherwise do, because of thought of the results to others. It's an altruism that "begins at home," but it may broaden out from the family and so work for the salvation of the world from the thoughtless selfishness of sin and the vengeful selfishness of punishment.

If the sinner can only be extirpated by the generation in him of consideration for those innocent upon whom the consequences of his sin are to fall, then the mystery of the suffering of the innocent for the sins of the guilty is explained as an evolutionary spiritual process, akin somewhat to the biological processes wherein thousands and millions of beings are sacrificed for the perfection of a comparatively few individuals. A wise and wide and deep philosophy truly but—what profits the sacrificed multitude, dead, that the surviving few are perfected? There is no justice, in this scheme, to those who die that others may live—unless there be for those sacrificed here a compensation in the hereafter.

Mrs. Rockefeller suffers because her husband is condemned for ruthless money-getting. Mr. Rockefeller suffers because his wife suffers. That is the only way, evidently, to his ossified heart and his semi-defunct conscience. That may make him mend his ways. Mrs. Rockefeller suffers *pro bono publico*. But that is no argument. Mrs. Rockefeller should not suffer at all, as she has done nothing. Doubtless she does not see her husband as we see him. Maybe we wouldn't see him as we do if we were closer to him. And so we argue in a circle always, and the more we argue in that circle its center is self.

Evidently the first step and the last in the real philosophy is to forget self. That is the fountain of offense in life. There are no selfless sins. If we were all to forget ourselves there would be no need for punishment, as there would be no sinning. Mr. Rockefeller's selfishness is the cause of much suffering which he does not realize until he begins to suffer on his own account through that suffering of others. If others who sin like he does, learn the result of selfishness as he does, the world moves into light. If selfishness is made to bring its hurt home to itself, then it learns that selflessness is the way to salvation. Human punishment is the only way to make plain the inevitable reaction of selfishness. That we hesitate to administer the punishment, knowing our own unworthiness, shows that we are, to that extent, growing in selflessness. That punishments grow milder proves the same thing as to society. That society grows more tender-hearted proves that all suffer for the sins of each, and out of that grow pity and mercy and more lenient laws. Mr. Rockefeller's case makes it reasonably sure there will be no more rich men as ruthless as he in future, and this is some consolation for the many

who lament that his innocent wife suffers. Is this a consolation to her? Yes; if her suffering gives her the joy she will have as wife in knowing that even through her suffering her husband is more gently dealt with by his fellows. She finds her joy and reward suffering for another.

All of which proves—what? Only that no one can sin without hurting others. What we call sin has always its effect upon others. If we could think of others more we would sin less, and condemn the less readily and freely. If we think of others and how they may suffer for us we shall see that we have no just cause for resentment that we sometimes suffer for them. If we think of others as no worse than ourselves, we shall be in position to "resist not evil" save first and only in ourselves. And so the case of Mrs. Rockefeller shows us that the way to righteousness is in the obliteration of self, and as her suffering makes for charity towards her uncharitable husband, so may we all come to know that our best work against sin lies in the elimination of suffering through the elimination of selfishness, and we may be able to judge not others harshly because we know how, if the whole truth were known of each of us, we should be judged for the vicarious suffering our sins lay upon others.

Reflections

The Battle of the Beers.

IT'S on—the battle of the beers. The Jefferson Club decided to hold a carnival to raise funds for its depleted treasury. It sent a committee to see the Lemp boys and ask for a donation of beer. The Lemp boys said, No. They would give beer for charity, but not to a club of the dominant political party, and a club that has a membership large enough to provide funds to buy its beer. The Lemps were told they owed it to the party. This made them mad, in view of what they'd done for the party in the way of contributing and hustling, and they refused even to sell beer to the Jefferson Club. The Lemps, or Charlie at least, have been good machine supporters, but they have been unable to get even a smell at the spoils. They have been given the cold shoulder at the pie counter of the Jefferson Club, and when they would get anything, they had to get the indorsement of its leader, the young race-track statesman. Charlie Lemp is treasurer of the State Committee, and he controls five or six wards in the city, and he does not relish playing second to small fry politicians. Furthermore, the young race-track leader of the Jefferson club appears to have made an irrefragable alliance with Gussie Busch, the other big brewer in South St. Louis, and this isn't pleasing to the Lemps. The young race-track statesman has the credit of having passed a big franchise bill in the Municipal Assembly, and securing the Mayor's signature of the same for Mr. Busch. Then too, it is rumored, that Mr. Busch is loyally taking care of certain friends of the race-track leader with jobs in connection with the brewery. All this makes the Lemps feel that they are being put into a secondary position in the party, that their rival is closer to the control of the party, locally. This, and studied slights of Lemps and their friends, by the race-track leader, has finally forced the Lemps to the action they have taken in turning down the Jefferson Club's beer-beggars. It is understood that the beer-beggars received a handsome donation of hop-juice from the Busches who are, it must be said, always generous in their donations of beer to entertainments political or for a charitable purpose. The Lemps'

stand against charity beer to an organization that has tapped the town for as much money as the Jefferson Club, to say nothing of the rake-off for certain club members, has angered some of the saloonkeepers who have kept Lemps beer, and they are said to be threatening to throw it out. On the other hand, while the Busch beer will go in where the Lemp beer comes out, some saloonkeepers opposed to the race-track domination in the Jefferson Club, and consequently to Mr. Gussie Busch's alliance with the race-track leader, are said to contemplate throwing Busch beer out of their saloons. Col. Butler is said to be willing to get his saloon followers to break away from Busch beer, and the Butler Democratic Club is inclining to take up the Lemp brew. Tony Stuever, of the Home Brewery, is at outs with the race-track leader, too, because of his nursing of Gussie Busch, and he will join forces with the Lemps. It is said that Lemp and Stuever together can control the delegations in South St. Louis, as against Busch, but that is doubtful. The Busches are popular, no matter what they do in politics, because they are a generous and even lavish crowd, and they will be hard to put to the bad. Still the Lemps are pretty mad, and they will turn loose their money. Stuever never turns loose any money. He will show the Lemps how to use theirs. And it seems likely to come to pass that the local Democracy will be divided into two camps, Lemp and Busch, or Falstaff and Budweiser, and everyone claiming allegiance to the party, will have to range himself under one banner or the other. While the Busches are decidedly popular for their enterprise and liberality in all things, the Lemps are undoubtedly justified in putting up a protest against being worked for free beer by a political club that "rasps" the city employes for about \$25,000 per year, to say nothing of contributions from corporations, especially when the Lemps are deliberately ignored and humiliated by the Club, and made to buckle to the race-track boss who has won such a place in the good graces of their rivals. The Lemps have been good Democrats, but they have had absolutely nothing from the party in the way of recognition. They did a great deal to elect Mayor Wells. Their friends have been loyal to the party, but all the Lemps get, apparently, is an opportunity to give up. At least that's the way the Lemps look at it. As for Gussie Busch, he looks after his business interests. He figured that the man to help him get his railroad bill through the Assembly, was the gallant young racetrack statesman and boss, and he figured right, even if Ed. Butler *did* have to come in at the last moment to make the measure safe. The Lemps are not fighting Busch particularly. In fact, they say they are doing nothing but refusing to give away beer to an organization that should be able to pay for it. As for me, my brew is Busch, when the thirst is on me, but the Lemps make a good beer for whose superiority some good friends of mine are willing to stand up until they drop, from very devotion to their cause, but the fight is a mistake. This is no time for brewers to get their business into politics. If they do, it will be the worse for the business. But the race-track leader doesn't care whom he ruins. His pose as the friend of Busch is making the Busch business a mark for political opposition, and the Busch business had more than enough of that as a result of the elder Busch's contribution to the Republican campaign fund last year. If the matter hasn't gone too far, the brewers should get together and get out of politics—if they don't want to get in the soup, where the race-track leader has recently landed his race-track supporters. And, horror of horrors, suppose the fight

between Budweiser and Falstaff results in a compromise whereby all Democrats will take to drinking Tony Stuever's "Home" beer; won't that be terrible?

THE race track has gone out of business, but the bucket-shop—run by the same gang—is still in business. Shut that, too.

WE have fenders on street cars, and laws enforcing the attachment of the same. It seems that there should also be fenders on automobiles.

Smash the Bucket Shop.

RACE TRACK robbery was bad. Bucket shop robbery is worse. The same gang that defied the law at Delmar runs a big bucket shop in St. Louis. The bucket shop taps every country town and thus spreads its gambling net all over the State. A bucket shop is against the law. It is defined as gambling. A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court makes it easy to make cases against bucket shops. The big Cella bucket shop is a swindle. It has refused to pay losses to customers on the plea that such losses were gambling debts, and not collectable by process of law. The big Cella bucket shop is a better graft even than the races. The big Cella bucket shop does more grain speculation business than the Merchants Exchange. The Cella bucket shop keeps men off the exchange, yet the "trade" at the bucket shop is of no use to the Exchange. The law against bucket shops is clear and explicit. The highest court in the land has passed upon the alleged business in the plainest terms. The bucket shop is corrupting all the country towns. It is a trap for men to gamble in grains and stock without ever a bushel of grain or share of stock changing hands. The patrons simply bet against one another. The Cella company pays winnings, after taking commissions—if the winnings be not large. When a gambler at the big Cella game wins a big sum and tries to collect—the big Cella company goes into court, pleads that the money is due on a gambling debt and thus escapes payment. This isn't even square gambling. It's the lousiest form of gambling. It is out-and-out robbery. And yet the fellows in it have a political pull. They even have had a pull in the Merchant's Exchange. The Cella bucket shop is a more nefarious institution than the Cella-Adler-Tilles race tracks. It is plainly unlawful. It should be broken up. It should be raided as Delmar track was raided, as Cella-Adler-Tilles had their President of the Police Board raid Ed. Butler's telegraph pool room. Smash 'em!

False to Marriage Vows.

How many men are false to their marriage vows? All of them, almost, according to Robert Bright who writes to *Harper's Weekly*—all of them at least who are married according to the Episcopal advice. Among the thousands of women who have been married by the ceremony of the Episcopal Church, he asks how many of them have noticed a certain discrepancy between the husband's vows at that interesting moment and the actual outcome of those vows as interpreted by the law. When the bridegroom asserts that "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bride believes that he means what he says, and regards herself as the equal possessor of whatever property he owns. But mark the sequence. The husband, perhaps, dies. The widow finds, when the estate is settled, that she was not endowed with all his worldly goods—not even with half of them! Her legal dower is one-third in some States of the Union, and assumes various proportions in others.

This curious discrepancy continues from generation to generation, and nobody says anything about it, though the marriage vows are regarded as solemn and binding. Should not either the law or the Episcopal ceremonial be altered to fit the truth as it is, and not as beautiful but unreliable language paints it? To start married life with a paradoxical statement on the part of either man or woman, a vow or promise which the law will later deny, is a poor way to begin, in Mr. Bright's opinion. Mostly all men will agree with Mr. Bright in his opinion. But—there's always a but—should women be given all these worldly goods, in fact? Nine women out of ten, I once heard a lawyer say, are robbed of money when it is left them. They sign any old paper presented to them. They are the favorite marks of sharper brokers for the unloading of securities that no man will take. They are swindled right and left, and often by their own blood-relations. Often they are given guardians, and the guardians "do" them. If the women go to court, the guardians have the women's authorization for everything done. Swindling women is easier than "the kinchin lay," and therefore I know of no work that is being done, in the line of regular business, that is better than the work of a woman like Mrs. R. Graham Frost, manager of the women's department of the Mercantile Trust Co., in showing women how to take care of their own money, explaining to them the propositions they are confronted with, by men who want to get their money or property, and generally inducting them into business methods. Robbing the widow and, the orphan, will not be the safe snap it has hitherto been for attorneys, administrators, brokers and friends of the family, when the work of women like Mrs. Frost shall have begun to open the eyes of women. Until women gain more gumption than they have now, it is perhaps just as well that we should continue to be false to our marriage vows—in the particular to which Mr. Robert Bright directs our attention.

♦♦

VETERANS in a Soldier's Home at St. James, Mo., have no right to vote, according to Judge Evans, who is not only a circuit judge, but chairman of the Missouri Democratic State Central Committee. We move to strike out "circuit" before "judge" in all references to the said Evans, and insert in lieu thereof the word "circus." He is certainly a show as a jurist.

♦♦

A Socratic Reformer.

COL. ED. BUTLER has nominated Joseph W. Folk for the Presidency. He says "Joe would make a good President," and that he would certainly vote for him. And Mr. Folk it was who convicted the Colonel, but couldn't make the vaccination "take." How all the great reformers are getting together these days. Col. Butler should at once get in touch with Lincoln Steffens. With two such eminent reformers booming Governor Folk in the dog days, Thos. W. Lawson, District Attorney Jerome and Governor LaFollette will see the drift of affairs quickly and hasten to push such a good thing along. Gov Hoch has declared for Folk for President. Hoch der Folk! Some may say that Col. Butler is not serious, but there can be no doubt of it. Col. Butler's "seriousness" may be estimated by the context of the interview from which his approval of Folk is excerpted. He says that horse racing as now conducted is a skin game and ought to be exterminated—the Col. is a horse-shoer and his views are almost expert—that he does not drink intoxicants and

any person is better off without the same; that while he does not believe in a puritanical Sunday, yet the Governor is right in enforcing the Sunday-closing laws. This is wisdom as profound, though not quite so pellucidly expressed, as that of Col. Butler's great protagonist in local politics, Hon. Thomas Elwood Kinney on the same subject. Henceforward no one will doubt that Col. Butler is a true reformer. If any proof were needed, the fact that he is supporting Governor Folk for the Presidency, will remove the last doubt. Col. Butler is the most practical kind of a reformer. He is a reformer by the Socratic method, we may say. He fights all reforms and reformers, tooth and nail, and then when he finds one he can't beat, he "jines" him or it.

♦♦

RUDYARD KIPLING hasn't lost his touch. His story "An Habitation Enforced," in the August *Century*, is a sort of vigorous idyll, with an implicated criticism of the Yankee notion of life, driven home with sure stroke. The coming of a baby has not often before been dealt with in quite the fine, suggestive, mystic way of Kipling.

♦♦

Lawyer's Paradise.

"REFORM" in St. Louis is a good thing—for the lawyers. Tom Rowe, Judge Krum, Sam Priest, Chas. P. Johnson and some smaller fry have become plutocrats in defending those who were being reformed. Judge Barclay and T. T. Fauntleroy and Gen. Shields and Judge Spencer come in for nice cuts of tenderloin off the Lewis bank case. Judge Bond is of well-paid counsel for the race track gang. Tom Mulvihill, lawyer, has become Excise Commissioner, A. C. Maroney, lawyer, Ben Schnurmacher, lawyer, Thomas K. Skinker, lawyer, are Election Commissioners. A. C. Stewart, lawyer, is president of the Police Board. C. Orrick Bishop has been made a judge, Folk, lawyer, is Governor, and he is advised by F. N. Judson who tried to reform Paul Morton, but Roosevelt wouldn't let him. Ed Crow has come up front in the attempt to reform John H. Simon out of the Health Department. Yes, St. Louis is a paradise for lawyers—but that means lots of hell for other people.

♦♦

THE two-named man is to the fore. There's Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Grover Cleveland, Elbert Hubbard, Michael Monahan, Rolla Wells. There was John Hay. The three-named individual and the man with the middle initial are going out of fashion. Same way with the women. Three names are unfashionable with them. Carrie Nation, for instance. Welcome the two-name era!

♦♦

"Rat" Police Printers

THE Board of Police Commissioners has decided to install a printing plant at the Four Courts, to do printing for the Department. It is given out that this plant will be "operated by the department," which is neither affiliated with the Typographical Union nor any other kind of a Union. In other words, the supposition is that the Police Commissioners will operate a "rat" printing office at the Four Courts. Why does not the department add a tailor shop, a shoe shop, a tobacco store, a saloon, a restaurant and a lodging house at the Four Courts? The same logic that justifies the printing plant will apply to the other adventures.

♦♦

READERS of the MIRROR are constantly writing the editor asking him to tell them something to read. They don't seem to be aware of their own malice.

But the editor always tries to respond. To many inquirers, who are particular to specify that they don't want novels, here are three books I can recommend. "The Autobiography of Andrew D. White"; "The Americans," by Hugo Munsterberg; "Edward Fitz Gerald," in the English Men of Letters Series, by A. C. Benson.

♦♦

JOHN PAUL JONES is now the proper name where-with to burden unfortunate babies.

♦♦

New York's Coming Municipal Campaign.

THE New York City political situation is interesting. Here's one outline of the situation: "George B. McClellan, the present mayor, was selected by Tammany, has administered the affairs of the city without scandal, and is fairly satisfactory to all classes, except that he is somewhat under the control of Murphy, the ex-dive keeper and Tammany boss. Hearst hates McClellan because McClellan would not use his influence to further Hearst's Presidential aspirations last year. Therefore Hearst has been planning to defeat the mayor's desire for a second term. Hearst's first scheme was to let Tammany nominate McClellan, to permit the Republicans to nominate whomever they pleased, and then to go into the campaign on a third-party ticket with a municipal-ownership platform, achieving his own nomination or that of a man in his control. But, since Chicago's late difficulties, the municipal-ownership idea has suffered a slight decline in favor, and it has become a question whether an independent candidate, on a municipal-ownership platform, would stand a chance of winning. Therefore Hearst, it is believed, has entered into a combination with Governor Odell, the Republican boss of the State, whereby Odell is to put up a man for mayor who is for public-ownership of all the New York railways, subways, gas and electric-light plants, and Hearst will support him, bolting his party ticket." A campaign for municipal ownership would not be such a forlorn hope, as some think. The New York public won't be "scared off the idea" by anything the big men of finance may say. The big men of finance are not the power they were. What they say doesn't go. Their word isn't good. They are all discredited. Too much Equitable, too much Shipping Trust, too much "graft" among the financiers generally. New York city's campaign will be Wall street against awakened conscience. A radical candidate on a radical municipal ownership platform, will stand a good chance of winning. Municipal ownership has not been discredited by the results of Mayor Dunne's election in Chicago. The big fellows have lied about those results and the people know it. Stand a chance! Why the man who does not incline to municipal ownership is the candidate for Mayor of Gotham who will stand no chance.

♦♦

THE word in Europe these days is: "If you're from Missouri, you've got to show me your decoration." A St. Louisan without a royal or noble order, or at least a World's Fair medal, is apt to be pinched by the police as a suspect.

♦♦

For Governor.

CAMPBELL WELLS, of Platte City, and Judge H. Clay Simmonds, of Barton County, are announced aspirants for the next Democratic nomination for Governor. With Dave Ball, of Pike, and Insurance Commissioner Vandiver, this makes four in the running in the country. Up to date the city's choice for Democratic Governor is State Senator Kinney. On

the Republican side of the house it seems that Herbert S. Hadley, the present Attorney General, will be the logical candidate because of his strenuous reform work in St. Louis County and against Standard Oil. But the nominating conventions are a long way off.

❖ ❖

THE State Supreme Court has again put "the lid" on the ballot boxes in a contest of the election of Democratic officials. There is practically no count of votes in elections in St. Louis. The judges and clerks certify any old vote and that stands.

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"Bryan's Aid Was Fatal."

At a special election in the First Congressional District of Nebraska, on July 17th, for the purpose of filling the vacancy caused by the election of Congressman Burkett as United States Senator, Ernest M. Pollard, a Republican, was elected by a majority of more than 2,000. The Democratic nominee, Mayor Brown of Lincoln, who is a reorganizer, had the hearty support of William J. Bryan, who sent personal letters to every Bryan Democrat in the district asking him to support Brown. The vote was very light. Pollard was elected on an anti-monopoly and railroad rate regulation platform. Thus, the dispatches tell, and the headline over the item runs: "Bryan's Aid Was Fatal." But "Pollard was elected on an anti-monopoly and rail-rate regulation platform." The Republican won on Mr. Bryan's principles. It is difficult to see, therefore, the fatality of Mr. Bryan's support of the other candidate. Mr. Brown declared for the same things as Mr. Pollard. Mr. Brown received the full Democratic vote, and it is evident that he would have received most of the Republican votes, if the Republicans had not adopted the Bryan platform. If Mr. "Bryan's aid was fatal" to his principles in this instance, only a strabismic and bigoted opposition press can see it that way.

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No Blend of White and Black.

THIS is the sort of thing that makes insuperable difficulty in the way of anything better than a sort of armed truce between whites and blacks in the Southern States. At Boston, Charles W. Chestnutt, the negro author,—and some of his stories are of fine literary quality, equaling the work of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet,—who was attending the graduation of his son at Harvard, delivered an address on "Race Prejudice: Its Cause and Cure." After discussing the differences between the two races the speaker said: "The most difficult of the differences which hold us apart from our fellow citizens is our difference in color. Should this difference disappear entirely, prejudice and the race problem would cease to exist. I not only believe the mixture of races will in time be an accomplished fact, but that it will be a good thing for all concerned." This is sheer madness. Amalgamation of the races will never be an accomplished fact. The proposal for amalgamation has never come, anywhere, from a white man. Race mixture such as author Chestnutt suggests, so far as it has been tried, has not produced good results. The blend of the races produces usually a hybrid with the bad qualities of both races and the good qualities of neither. Only the lowest whites ever blend with the negroes. The better class of negroes do not seek amalgamation. There have been some great men with African blood in their veins, like Pushkin, the poet, the elder Dumas, and some others, but the best negroes have been of pure negro blood. Such amalgamation of the races as we have known has been the result of white male depravity,

mostly, in combination with the irresponsible animism of negro women. Mr. Chestnutt is one of the most intelligent colored men in the world, and is much esteemed, it is understood, in Cleveland, where he resides. But it is safe to say that he does not express the views he gave forth at Boston, in his own community. These views are not tolerated where the negro is best known, however they may be accepted where the race issue is an abstract question. The races will not mix—all history proves it. Utterances like the one quoted, only tend to madden the white people of the South who do not want to treat the negro badly, but do want to keep the unintelligent black in his place. Social equality is out of the question for the negro, and none should know this better than the negro whose intelligence gives him opportunity to observe the facts of life from a higher plane than that occupied by his benighted and unfortunate fellows. Mr. Chestnutt's remark is so absurd that, notwithstanding its appearance in the *Paris, Tex. Morning News*, one cannot help believing that he has been misreported.

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MAYOR WELLS is taking his vacation. Dr. Simon is taking his vacating.

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The Eclipse of Cabot Lodge

OF course you've noticed the eclipse of H. Cabot Lodge. For a long time he was the close personal friend, adviser, senatorial supporter and chum of President Roosevelt. Now we never hear of him. He has been put in the background by Taft, and, later, by Root. Walter Wallman says, in the *Chicago Tribune*, that Senator Lodge's downfall is surprising to the few persons who are aware of it. For many years he has been Theodore Roosevelt's closest friend. It was Mr. Lodge, according to Mr. Wellman, who made Roosevelt a civil service commissioner and gave him his first chance to win distinction in the national field. It was Lodge, too, who helped Roosevelt into the assistant secretaryship of the navy, where he won renown as the man who did as much, if not more than any other to make the American navy the best in the world, in accurate shooting, and where he had the distinction of ordering Admiral Dewey to sail from Hongkong to Manila to smash the Spanish fleet. Mr. Lodge has been so close to Mr. Roosevelt throughout all these years that no one has imagined the tie could be broken. The estrangement has been approaching a year or more. The exact cause is not known. What effect this may have on Mr. Lodge's fortunes as the leader of his party in Massachusetts, is problematical. Mr. Wellman would not be surprised if during the next few years he were to lose his grip and Mr. Moody were to come to the front as the strong man in that State. Just why the Senator from Massachusetts is out of grace is by some attributed to his attitude of opposition to the arbitration treaties. He stood for the Senate against Presidential usurpation. But probably the reason is deeper. Lodge is a cold, conservative, intellectual Brahmin of the Brahmins, and out of sympathy with the President's trend towards what a man like Lodge must think to be socialism, communism, anarchy. Lodge is not full of red corpuscles. He is probably bewildered by Roosevelt's multifariousness. He is not one who cares much for the masses. His motto is *odi profanum vulgus*. He is more bookish than practical. His falling into the background, therefore, is quite natural, when the President, with his hustling clothes on, wants to do things. It is not likely though, that he and the

President have had a serious falling out, for the President does like his friends, even if they differ with him. It is probable, too, that Senator Lodge is not so much responsible for Roosevelt's advancement in politics as Walter Wellman and others imagine. Mr. Wellman is the correspondent with a "bug" for polar exploration, and therefore apt to overappreciate the low-temperature personality of the Massachusetts Senator. Last heard of Senator Lodge he was dining quite pleasantly with Premier Balfour, in London.

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PAUL MORTON's salary as president of the Equitable is \$80,000 per year. This is 20 per cent less than Mr. Alexander received. Perhaps Mr. Morton is worth it, but see what he had to go through to get it. His vindication by the President against the Judson and Harmon findings in the Santa Fe case must have caused him great distress, for which this \$80,000 a year job is but trifling compensation.

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"Disinterested" Democrats.

IT is amusing to note the "disinterest" of Missouri Democrats who are talking party harmony just now. The Governor himself can see no reason why all the Democrats in the State cannot get together and work for a victory next year. Governor Folk is a candidate for the Presidency. Ex-Congressman Vandiver wants a harmonious Democratic reunion, and is quite certain that it is high time all past differences were forgotten. Mr. Vandiver hopes to succeed Governor Folk. Ex-Governor Dockery freely forgives all Democrats who criticised him last year. His bowels of compassion are fairly bursting with kindness for every Folk, Reed or race track Democrat, particularly those in the Third Congressional District, where he expects to make the race for Congress next year. "All Democrats can get together on a platform opposing the Republicans," says the Hon. Dave Ball of Pike. Mr. Ball reached this conclusion at the same time that he decided to be a candidate for Governor. "Let us fight the Republicans, and not each other," says U. S. Hall, one of the most bitter Folk partisans in the State a year ago. Incidentally, Mr. Hall has given out that he is a candidate for Congress in the Seventh Congressional District, now represented by a Republican. "The Country Democrats are sick of hearing about Folk Democrats, Reed Democrats and other Democrats," says Walter Williams, editor of the *Columbia Herald*. The *Herald* and the *Jefferson City Tribune* Printing Company are owned by the same family. The *Tribune* holds a valuable State printing contract. Mr. Williams is a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, and many crumbs from that institution find their way into the maw of the *Herald*. The *Republic* wants "coalescence" too. The *Republic* would like to have David R. Francis succeed W. J. Stone in the United States Senate. All the office-seekers want the party to get together. Even Little Rolla Wells favors it, with a faint dim hope of a gubernatorial nomination. Senator Stone is going to rally the boys, so he won't be shelved as a leader. Interstate Commerce Commissioner Cockrell wants union, so that he will still be on earth. There are other yearners too, like Col. Mose Wetmore, Sam B. Cook, Maj. Harvey W. Salmon. Senator Kinney, of St. Louis, doesn't see, however, that the party can get together when there's nothing of reward for the men who deliver the majorities. The men who have held, now hold, or want to hold jobs and draw salaries, are very strenuous for "healing the breaches," but the getting together of the pap-suckers



CHESTER H. KRUM

doesn't promise anything for "the boys who tore their pants" to elect the leaders and got only "a swift kick in the seating capacity" for their pains at the polls.

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MAJOR MCBRIDE and Maude Gonne, both fakirs, got married. Result: mutual discovery, disenchantment, divorce proceedings.

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Our Blessed Tariff.

ADVICES from London say that when J. Pierpont Morgan sailed from Liverpool one day last week, on the *Oceanic* for New York, he carried with him clothes enough to protect him for at least a year from the elements. He had no less than 127 suits of clothes, purchased of the best known and most expensive tailors in London, to say nothing of innumerable overcoats. It is estimated that his bill for clothing alone is \$10,000. The average cost of each suit was \$60. Had he bought the clothes in this country the average cost would have been \$100 for each. And that's how the protective tariff helps the poor man! The poor man, the laborer, the clerk, what an ass he is to object to the protective tariff which "keeps up his wages" and enables him to buy all his clothes abroad each summer. What the poor man should do is, imitate J. P. Morgan. Disturb the tariff? Never!

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TALK about race suicide! The horse gamblers killed their game in Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee and Missouri by too much graft and dabbling in politics.

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Conductors' Rake-off.

CHICAGO's big traction interests are enjoining Mayor Dunne's municipal projects. This is not a sign that the municipal ownership plan is the fizzle the Chicago capitalist press says it is. There's but one thing that puzzles municipal ownership people as to the municipalization of the street railways, and that is how the city is to deal with the conductors' "rake-off." Still it may be supposed that the city can get as honest conductors as it has policemen or firemen or water inspectors, or as the nation has letter-carriers. The "rake-off" hasn't bankrupted the capitalist owners of street railways. The city can provide as many checks on the "rake-off" as the traction companies have provided. And besides, the conductors' "rake-off" is not what dishonest people think it is. There is a very small percentage of thieves in any occupation.

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CHIEF OF POLICE KIELY does not accompany himself on the Cella when he sings "The Hat Me Father Wore."

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A MOST meritorious crusade would be one to stop the sale of cocaine to negroes and others by the drug-stores of the slum districts. This drug's ravages are frightful, and it makes of its victims, thieves and murderers before it drives them to dementia or death.

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Million Club and the Blacks.

UNION MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, colored, is reported to have abandoned its negotiations for the purchase of Central Presbyterian Church, white, at Lucas and Garrison avenues, and to have bought Rabbi Harrison's Temple Israel, at Leffingwell avenue and Pine street. Pine street is black almost that far out and the white hegira to the west grows in proportions. "The black heart of St. Louis" is a fact which will soon make this an oddity among cities. The stranger entering town and walking out of Union Station finds himself in Darktown, which direction soever he may take. The increase in the negro population, or at least the increasing conspicuousness

of the negro in the population of St. Louis is something which should interest the Million Club. That colored congregations can pay the prices demanded for the abandoned church properties of white people, indicates that the negroes are phenomenally prosperous here, and this may be depended upon to bring still more negroes into the city. It won't do for the Million Club to blink this big black fact as to St. Louis conditions. It will be impossible for anyone to blink it in a short time from now. At present it's a good thing, to some interests, because it drives whites out to fill up recently built houses in the new outlying subdivisions of the city, but, later, there will be other phases of the matter not so pleasant or so profitable to consider. It may be a good thing that the negroes come into the heart of the city to depreciate property that will soon be wanted for manufacturing purposes, but the negroes will then have to move still farther west and the whites will again have to move. Black labor is going to come into sharp competition here with white labor, and black idlers and livers by their wits are going to make trouble for their more industrious and peaceable brethren. Some of the best negroes in town see the signs of the times and are fully aware that they must get the black population in hand lest the worse elements bring upon all restrictions and even persecutions. The best negroes are trying their best to suppress the offensiveness of some of the more flauntingly vicious of their race. They should have whatever help white men can give them.

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THE chief trouble with bank schemer E. G. Lewis seems to be that he's so crooked he doesn't know it.

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TOM L. JOHNSON, of Cleveland, has visited Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, and assured that gentleman of the Johnsonian moral support against corruption. Tom has a little fad for getting in touch with men who bob up into celebrity. They keep him before the public.

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Foolish to Fight Folk.

FIGHTING Folk made him Governor of Missouri. Further fighting of him will possibly make him President of the United States. This is a tip to the brewer and liquor dealers and their associated organizations throughout the country. The Sunday "lid" in Missouri is a nuisance, but there are greater menaces to the liberal element and it is the worst of poor policy to awaken the prohibition fanatics of the nation. A fight on Folk may prevent the re-establishment of the army canteens and may start Congress on liquor-regulating legislation which Hon. Richard Bartholdt may not be able to deflect into the limbo of defeated projects as he did some hostile proposals a few years ago. The church prelates and people of all denominations are with Folk and they run this country. Whoso thinks they do not, the same is a muchly fooled person. After Bryan, Folk is the most looming of all the Democratic presidential possibilities. He's more than a possibility; he's a probability. Only the springing of some big issue to obscure the platform of "The Law, First, Last and All the Time" will side-track the Man from Missouri, and it will be very easy for the elements who fight Folk to help him just as the Tammany fight helped Cleveland in both the campaigns in which he won. Even people who cannot love him for himself will "love him for the enemies he has made."

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By all odds, the best literary work by the American correspondents in the Russo-Japanese war is that contributed to *Scribner's Magazine*, by Thomas F. Millard, who used to work in a store here on Wash-

ington avenue, and then became a cub reporter on the *Republic*. His fine clear literary style is accounted for by his declaration that he never read a *Republic* editorial.

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SENATOR W. J. STONE is about as busy in working against Folk as the capital "X" is in orthography, although there never will be between him and Joseph such a close alliance as between "Q" and "U."

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Great Man Left Us.

SOUL-HARROWING news comes from Arkansas! Gen. Billy Ryder has about determined to become a permanent citizen of that State. He does not say that Republics are ungrateful, but he insists that, after working twenty years to get the Missouri Legislature to pass a beer inspection bill, it was hardly right to leave him on his uppers when the jobs created by his bill were passed around. Let us hope that future generations will build a monument of empty pints and quarts to commemorate the doughty deeds of derring-do of General Billy. It is rather tough, for the General to leave town just as the Million Club is getting down to hard work. The General's office at the telegraph pole at Sixth and Chestnut streets ought to be draped in mourning, and the Million Club should write him a letter at Blood Springs, Ark., telling him that if there is anything in St. Louis he doesn't want, he can have it.

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"THE country must be very prosperous," says a New York philosopher, "for in the past six months it has spent \$30,000,000 on a plaything—the automobile." The philosopher's other business is, probably, that of undertaker.

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SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT is not a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination—that is, not yet. It will not be known whether he will be a candidate until it is known whether Benjamin B. Odell, boss of New York, will give him the New York delegation. This uncertainty causes a certain flash in the smoldering embers of the Taft boom.

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Cruelty to Horses.

WE read every other day of the activities of ladies and others connected with our Humane Society. They are very energetic in arresting the drivers of galled horses. But why doesn't the Humane Society make war on those who dock the tails of horses? Why don't they fight the check-rein? Why don't they agitate to do away with the blinkers? Why don't they war on some of the murderous bits in the horses' mouths? Why not get after the horse-shoers who cut, and pare away, and rasp the hoofs, frogs and soles of horses, in order to sell rubber or leather pads to protect the feet that have been maimed? The poor driver is "pulled" and fined in plenty, but the rich man's horses are worse treated than the poor man's. Our Humane Society evidently thinks mistreatment ceases to be cruelty when it becomes fashionable.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has sent Gov. Folk marked copies of his book, "The Strenuous Life." Evidently "Teddy" wants to name the Democratic nominee for President, too.

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PICTURES of the homes of successful authors of America, in *Current Literature*, are suggestive of the reflection that what they write is so salable it can't be literature. Think what Milton received for "Paradise Lost" and Goldsmith for "Vicar of Wakefield." Winston Churchill, Robert W. Chambers and some

others seem to be fixed as well as if they were "in" on the Equitable financiering.

THAT Salmon bank at Clinton, Mo., was shaky in 1902. It hadn't been examined in over two years by the Secretary of State, prior to the one preceding its collapse. The Salmons were big fish in politics. That's all.

NEW YORK city is after some of its smart lawyers with investigations, indictments, etc., men like Abe Hummel and Champe Andrews. It might not be a bad idea for the Grand Jury here to get after some of our able lawyers who have been advising the get-rich-quick sharps how to beat the law.

ALL FOLK'S FAULT. AUTHORITIES on the subject say that the apple crop of Missouri will not average above 30 per cent. What is the matter with Governor Folk's State Board of Horticulture? Next thing, we will hear that his fish commissioners are not able to make fish bite the year round. Some farmers, it appears, even doubt that the Governor's Board of Agriculture is responsible for the big crop of corn. Out upon such skeptics!

WHO cares for the Sunday lid? Delightful intoxication is easily attainable by all, since one only has to go to the Alps and drink deeply in the liquid notes of our own, only, charming, gifted and gracious Grace Van Studdiford.

HONEST German Turners can't tap and drink, on Sunday the beer they pay for, on Saturday, without being raided by the police. But the Jefferson Club can sell beer it has "cadged" from the brewers without any license for its carnival, with all the police present. Damn the Dutch, and the Irish, too. This world belongs to the Kentuckians and Tennesseans on top in St. Louis politics.

THE squelched gamblers, it is said, are going to start a daily paper in order to get justice. They'll get it. A daily paper will break them quicker even than their own game broke their victims. They should be welcomed to journalism, as "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

SUTTER'S COUP. CHARLES SUTTER, of St. Louis, evolved and perfected the scheme to consolidate all the street car manufacturing in a \$45,000,000 combination. His commission will be up in the million dollar region. This, after the Big Cinch has been whipsawing him in local ventures for about 15 years. He never lost his courage or his temper, or his passion for calm and clear enunciation of words. He never complained when he was blocked in anything, and though for years he could hear the banks calling as insistently as Tommy Atkins hears the East a callin', he never had a hard-luck story to tell, and usually he was helping out some fellow worse off than himself. A game little man is Charles Sutter, and some of those who obstructed his efforts in the past are now coming into his camp to tell him they were with him right along. What more does a man want than that? It's better than the money that makes it come about.

RENTS in St. Louis are rapacious, and wages and salaries don't raise to meet the rents. That's one reason for the present "pinch" in retail business.

YELLOW fever falls New Orleans just on the crest of a remarkable boom. It is a disaster not the less tragic because unpicturesque; but science will master the plague in a short time. And as coal oil may do

most of the work of stopping the breeding of germ-bearing mosquitoes in water, the Crescent City may, in its gratitude, erect a votive monument to John D. Rockefeller, who seems to own or control all the coal-oil on, or in the earth.

WHO was the father of the United States Navy—Commodore Jack Barry or John Paul Jones? The history sharps are worrying about this. Barry has the clear title in point of priority of service and distinction, though an earlier, if not the earliest naval official of the country was Esek Hopkins. The Barry-Jones controversy rages fiercely in the New York Sun, with Irishmen claiming all for Barry and no one standing up for Jones. It's almost as fierce as the Sampson-Schley controversy over the honors of the sea-fight at Santiago.

PAUL MORTON "cut" Jimmie Hyde the other day at Newport. And the nice place Jimmie made for Paul, too.

CARDINAL GIBBONS denounces divorce again. Funny that celibates should so approve matrimony and speak as if its evils were invariably endurable. It is told of Archbishop Ryan that once when he was present at the examination of a class in the catechism a little girl answered the query: "What is matrimony?" by the apposite, if unorthodox response: "A state of torment in which people are punished for their sins." The catechising priest started to reprove the girl, but the Archbishop restrained him. "Maybe the child is right," said he. "What do you and I know about it?"

ANDREW F. BLONG will get out of the Police Board, now that the race track gang are beyond the possibility of being helped by him.

TUDOR WILKINSON. A GREAT blare was made over the fact that Tudor Wilkinson, a young man of good family, cultured tastes, fashionable associates, was caught stealing valuable fishing reels and fined in one of the courts the other day. He was made an example of. There was only one thing wrong with Tudor Wilkinson. He wouldn't work. But there is something wrong with society too, or the young man would not despise work and fall to stealing. Society puts a false value on position and leisure and elegance. All these things seemed good to this young man. Indeed, they seemed the only good. He made shift to have them one way or another, and society accepted him as one of the elect and envied him. He could not deny himself the things he wanted, and would not work for, so he landed in jail. He thought work was menial. He was living on his decent father, and society thought that was fine, when in fact, it was infamous, for there is no sin so bad as uselessness. The ideal of elegant leisure allured him to his fall. The false glamour of unlaborious "position" seduced him. His fault was a fault generated and encouraged and developed by society, and society itself is party to his crime. He has been punished, and he professes repentance, but society does not repent. It still holds forth the ideal that it is worthy achievement in a man to live for his own elegant leisurely enjoyment. It still regards with a sort of veneration the man who doesn't work or doesn't have to work. It will go on making thieves out of young men who are inoculated with the idea that work is base, and that self-denial is foolishness. Tudor Wilkinson is to quite an extent no less the victim than the victimizer of society. He has repented, but that is not enough. He must go to work. That alone will save him from himself

and from society. But he must not work to the end alone that he himself shall have position and fine raiment and elegant leisure to owe the groundlings. He must work with thought for others. He's a nice boy. I know him well. He has decided talent. All that is wrong with him, or that has been wrong with him is that he took too seriously the society ideal and lost his manliness for a mere appearance of something his manliness should despise. He's got the stuff in him to be as good a man as his father, and I hope he'll show it. "A bad past is a snake whose head is the present: get your foot upon its head and the coils will no longer crush you." Here's hoping for the foolish boy! And let's forget.

WHAT we want to know is whether Master Mariner Maurice Shea, of Kinney Harbor, goes back to tread proudly the deck of the dump-boat? If he doesn't,—*Sancto Ludovico delenda est!* We have said it.

"Anything But Murder"

By Come-Seven

IT'S been lovely to see the police "throwing it into" Cella-Adler-Tilles. A few month ago they ran the police. The "gambling squad" practically took orders from Cella-Adler-Tilles' henchmen. A little 20-cent crap game couldn't run without paying Cella-Adler-Tilles' henchmen a percentage. The gambling squad would walk out of Mark Gumperts' pool-room, running wide open, and raid a little hand book "under cover," around the corner. Cella-Adler-Tilles had coppers on their staff who'd slug anyone thwarting them politically. They dominated the police board. Its President was their attorney. A member of the Board did all their painting. They had only to complain of someone as inimical to them and—to the jug for him. The police board President put out of politics, when he could, anyone distasteful to Cella-Adler-Tilles. Mark Gumperts, their protege, a Republican, had more "pull" with the police than a dozen Democrats. Police big-wigs begged favors for him from the Excise Commissioner. Big Cella's brother was Gumperts' gambling partner. Pickpockets, shell-men, all styles of crooks and con men, who came here to "work" during the World's Fair, couldn't "work" if they weren't acceptable to Cella-Adler-Tilles' tools. The Crime Trust had the police and the town and the county. It still has some of the police. Race track politicians still protect crap games and hand-books in various parts of town. The Crime Trust isn't burst yet. It won't be until Delmar is crushed, and the big bucket shop is closed and the ex-President of the Police Board's police friends are placed where they can't favor the Cella-Adler-Tilles retainers. The Crime Trust is still in business down town. It works underground in hope of a restoration to power of the ex-President of the Police Board, whose rise as a boss was coincident with the progress and prosperity of Cella, Adler and Tilles. These three men owned the local Democracy through its boss. He destroyed any thing or anyone at their bidding. Now the police are destroying them, but the work won't be complete until the race track crowd's police are taken away from gambling and all the grafters and sure-thing men on the Cella-Adler-Tilles political staff are run into jail or out of town. The police should "throw the boot and the gaff" into them as they had the police "throw it into" others for six years or more, while the ex-President of the Police Board was their "attorney." They haven't yet "got what is coming to them," for their gallant leader once told "the gang" at Cuddy Mack's, that, in order to win, he'd "stand for anything but murder." Give the Cella-Adler-Tilles gang what they gave those who were in their way—"anything but murder!"

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult

Drawn From the Best French Sources and Re-Told by J. Bedier : Translated Into English by Hilaire Belloc

I.

THE CHILDHOOD OF TRISTAN.

MY lords, if you would hear a high tale of love and of death, here is that of Tristan and Queen Iseult; how to their full joy, but to their sorrow also, they loved each other, and how at last, they died of that love together upon one day; she by him and he by her.

Long ago, when Mark was King over Cornwall, Rivalen, King of Lyonesse, heard that Mark's enemies waged war on him; so he crossed the sea to bring him aid; and so faithfully did he serve him with counsel and sword that Mark gave him his sister, Blanchefleur, whom King Rivalen loved most marvelously.

He wed her in Tintagel Minster, but hardly was she wed when the news came to him that his old enemy Duke Morgan had fallen on Lyonesse and was wasting town and field. Then Rivalen manned his ships in haste, and took Blanchefleur with him to his far land; but she was with child. He landed below his castle of Kanoel and gave the Queen in ward to his Marshal Rohalt, and after that set off to wage his war.

Blanchefleur waited for him continually, but he did not come home, till she learnt upon a day that Duke Morgan had killed him in foul ambush. She did not weep: she made no cry or lamentation, but her limbs failed her and grew weak, and her soul was fillen with a strong desire to be rid of the flesh, and though Rohalt tried to soothe her she would not hear. Three days she awaited re-union with her lord, and on the fourth she brought forth a son; and taking him in her arms she said:

"Little son, I have longed a while to see you, and now I see you the fairest thing ever a woman bore. In sadness came I hither, in sadness did I bring forth, and in sadness has your first feast day gone. And as by sadness you came into the world, your name shall be called Tristan; that is the child of sadness."

After she had said these words she kissed him, and immediately when she had kissed him she died.

Rohalt, the keeper of faith, took the child, but already Duke Morgan's men besieged the Castle of Kanoel all round about. There is a wise saying: "foolhardy was never hardy," and he was compelled to yield to Duke Morgan at his mercy: but for fear that Morgan might slay Rivalen's heir the Marshal hid him among his own sons.

When seven years were passed and the time had come to take the child from the women, Rohalt put Tristan under a good master, the Squire Gorvenal, and Gorvenal taught him in a few years the arts that go with barony. He taught him the use of lance and sword and 'scutcheon and bow, and how to cast stone quoits and to leap wide dykes also: and he taught him to hate every lie and felony and to keep his given word; and he taught him the various kinds of song and harp-playing, and the hunter's craft; and when the child rode among the young squires you would have said that he and his horse and his armour were all one thing. To see him so noble and so proud, broad in the shoulders, loyal, strong and right, all men glorified Rohalt in such a son. But Rohalt remembering Rivalen and Blanchefleur (of whose youth and grace all this was a resurrection) loved him indeed as a son, but in his heart revered him as his lord.

Now all his joy was snatched from him on a day when certain merchants of Norway, having lured Tristan to their ship, bore him off as a rich prize,

though Tristan fought hard, as a young wolf struggles, caught in a gin. But it is a truth well proved, and every sailor knows it, that the sea will hardly bear a felon ship, and gives no aid to rapine. The sea rose and cast a dark storm round the ship and drove it eight days and eight nights at random, till the mariners caught through the mist a coast of awful cliffs and sea-ward rocks whereon the sea would have ground their hull to pieces: then they did penance, knowing that the anger of the sea came of the lad, whom they had stolen in an evil hour, and they vowed his deliverance and got ready a boat to put him, if it might be, ashore: then the wind and sea fell and the sky shone, and as the Norway ship grew small in the offing, a quiet tide cast Tristan and the boat upon a beach of sand.

Painfully he climbed the cliff and saw, beyond, a lonely rolling heath and a forest stretching out and endless. And he wept, remembering Gorvenal, his father, and the land of Lyonesse. Then the distant cry of a hunt, with horse and hound came suddenly and lifted his heart, and a tall stag broke cover at the forest edge. The pack and the hunt streamed after it with a tumult of cries and winding horns, but just as the hounds were racing clustered at the haunch, the quarry turned to bay at a stone's throw from Tristan; a huntsman gave him the thrust, while all around the hunt had gathered and was winding the kill. But Tristan, seeing by the gesture of the huntsman that he made to cut the neck of the stag, cried out:

"My lord, what would you do? Is it fitting to cut up so noble a beast like any farm-yard hog? Is that the custom of this country?"

And the huntsman answered:

"Fair friend, what startles you? Why yes, first I take off the head of a stag, and then I cut it into four quarters and we carry it on our saddle bows to King Mark, our lord: So do we, and so since the days of the first huntsmen have done the Cornish men. If, however, you know of some nobler custom, teach it us: take this knife and we will learn it willingly."

Then Tristan kneeled and skinned the stag before he cut it up, and quartered it all in order leaving the crow-bone all whole, as is meet, and putting aside at the end the head, the haunch, the tongue and the great heart's vein; and the huntsmen and the kennel hinds stood over him with delight, and the Master Huntsman said:

"Friend, these are good ways. In what land learnt you them? Tell us your country and your name."

"Good lord my name is Tristan, and I learnt these ways in my country of Lyonesse."

"Tristan," said the Master Huntsman, "God reward the father that brought you up so nobly; doubtless he is a baron, rich and strong."

Now Tristan knew both speech and silence, and he answered:

"No lord; my father is a burgess. I left his home unbeknownst upon a ship that trafficked to a far place, for I wished to learn how men lived in foreign lands. But if you will accept me of the hunt I will follow you gladly and teach you other crafts of venery."

"Fair Tristan, I marvel there should be a land where a burgess's son can know what a knight's son knows not elsewhere, but come with us since you will it; and welcome: we will bring you to King Mark, our lord."

Tristan completed his task; to the dogs he gave the heart, the head, offal and ears; and he taught the hunt how the skinning and the ordering should

be done. Then he thrust the pieces upon pikes and gave them to this huntsman and to that to carry, to one the snout, to another the haunch, to another the flank, to another the chine; and he taught them how to ride by twos in rank, according to the dignity of the pieces each might bear.

So they took the road and spoke together, till they came on a great castle and round it fields and orchards, and living waters and fish ponds and plough lands, and many ships were in its haven, for that castle stood above the sea. It was well fenced against all assault or engines of war, and its keep, which the giants had built long ago, was compact of great stones, like a chess board of vert and azure.

And when Tristan asked its name:

"Good liege," they said, "we call it Tintagel."

And Tristan cried:

"Tintagel! Blessed be thou of God, and blessed be they that dwell within thee."

(Therein, my lords, therein had Rivalen taken Blanchefleur to wife, though their son knew it not.)

When they came before the keep the horns brought the barons to the gates and King Mark himself. And when the Master Huntsman had told him all the story, and King Mark had marveled at the good order of the cavalcade, and the cutting of the stag, and the high art of venery in all, yet most he wondered at the stranger boy, and still gazed at him, troubled and wondering whence came his tenderness, and his heart would answer him nothing; but, my lords, it was blood that spoke, and the love he had long since borne his sister Blanchefleur.

That evening, when the boards were cleared, a singer out of Wales, a master, came forward among the barons in Hall and sang a harper's song, and as this harper touched the strings of his harp, Tristan who sat at the King's feet, spoke thus to him:

"Oh, Master, that is the first of songs! The Bretons of old wove it once to chant the loves of Graelent. And the melody is rare and rare are the words: master, your voice is subtle: harp us that well."

But when the Welshman had sung, he answered: "Boy, what do you know of the craft of music? If the burgesses of Lyonesse teach their sons harp-play also, and rotes and viols, too, rise, and take this harp and show your skill."

Then Tristan took the harp and sang so well that the barons softened as they heard, and King Mark marveled at the harper from Lyonesse whither so long ago Rivalen had taken Blanchefleur away.

When the song ended, the King was silent a long space, but he said at last:

"Son, blessed be the master that taught thee, and blessed be thou of God: for God loves good singers. Their voices and the voice of the harp enter the souls of men and wake dear memories and cause them to forget many a mourning and many a sin. For our joy did you come to this roof, stay near us a long time, friend."

And Tristan answered:

"Very willingly will I serve you, sire, as your harper, your huntsman and your liege."

So did he, and for three years a mutual love grew up in their hearts. By day Tristan followed King Mark at pleas and in saddle; by night he slept in the royal room with the councillors and the peers, and if the King was sad he would harp to him to soothe his care. The barons also cherished him, and (as you shall learn) Dinas of Lidan, the seneschal, beyond all others. And more tenderly than the Barons and than Dinas the King loved him. But Tristan could

not forget or Rohalt his father, or his master Gorvenal, or the land of Lyonesse.

My lords, a teller that would please, should not stretch his tale too long, and truly this tale is so various and so high that it needs no straining. Then let me shortly tell how Rohalt himself, after long wandering by sea and land, came into Cornwall and found Tristan, and showing the King the carbuncle that once was Blanche fleur's, said:

"King Mark, here is your nephew Tristan, son of your sister Blanche fleur and of King Rivalen. Duke Morgan holds his land most wrongfully; it is time such land came back to its lord."

And Tristan (in a word) when his uncle had armed him knight, crossed the sea, and was hailed of his father's vassals, and killed Rivalen's slayer and was re-seized of his land.

Then remembering how King Mark could no longer live in joy without him, he summoned his council and his barons and said this:

"Lords of the Lyonesse, I have retaken this place and I have avenged King Rivalen by the help of God and of you. But two men Rohalt and King Mark of Cornwall nourished me, an orphan, and a wandering boy. So should I call them also fathers. Now a free man has two things thoroughly his own, his body and his land. To Rohalt then, here, I will release my land. Do you hold it, father, and your son shall hold it after you. But my body I give up to King Mark. I will leave this country, dear though it be, and in Cornwall I will serve King Mark as my lord. Such is my judgment, but you, my lords of Lyonesse, are my lieges, and owe me counsel; if then, some one of you will counsel me another thing let him rise and speak."

But all the barons praised him, though they wept; and taking with him Gorvenal only, Tristan set sail for King Mark's land.

II.

THE MORHOLT OUT OF IRELAND.

When Tristan came back to that land, King Mark and all his Barony were mourning; for the King of Ireland had manned a fleet to ravage Cornwall, should King Mark refuse, as he had refused these fifteen years, to pay a tribute his fathers had paid. Now that year this King had sent to Tintagel, to carry his summons, a giant knight; the Morholt, whose sister he had wed, and whom no man had yet been able to overcome: so King Mark had summoned all the Barons of his land to Council, by letters sealed.

On the day assigned, when the Barons were gathered in hall, and when the King had taken his throne, the Morholt said these things:

"King Mark, hear for the last time the summons of the King of Ireland, my lord. He arraigns you to pay at last that which you have owed so long, and because you have refused it too long already he bids you give over to me this day three hundred youths and three hundred maidens drawn by lot from among the Cornish folk. But if so be that any would prove by trial of combat that the King of Ireland receives this tribute without right, I will take up his wager. Which among you, my Cornish lords, will fight to redeem this land?"

The Barons glanced at each other but all were silent.

Then Tristan knelt at the feet of King Mark and said:

"Lord King, by your leave I will do battle."

And in vain would King Mark have turned him from his purpose, thinking, how could even valor save so young a knight? But he threw down his gage to the Morholt, and the Morholt took up the gage.

On the appointed day he had himself clad for a great feat of arms in a hauberk and in a steel helm, and he entered a boat and drew to the islet of St. Samson's, where the knights were to fight each to each alone. Now the Morholt had hoisted to his mast a sail of rich purple, and coming fast to land, he moored

his boat on the shore. But Tristan pushed off his own boat adrift with his feet, and said:

"One of us only will go hence alive. One boat will serve."

And each rousing the other to the fray they passed into the isle.

No man saw the sharp combat; but thrice the salt sea-breeze had wafted or seemed to waft a cry of fury to the land, when at last towards the hour of noon the purple sail showed far off; the Irish boat appeared from the island shore, and there rose a clamour of "the Morholt!" When suddenly, as the boat grew larger on the sight and topped a wave, they saw that Tristan stood on the prow holding a sword in his hand. He leapt ashore, and as the mothers kissed the steel upon his feet he cried to the Morholt's men:

"My lords of Ireland, the Morholt fought well. See here, my sword is broken and a splinter of it stands fast in his head. Take you that steel, my lords; it is the tribute of Cornwall."

Then he went up to Tintagel and as he went the people he had freed waved green boughs, and rich cloths were hung at the windows. But when Tristan reached the castle with joy, songs and joy-bells sounding about him, he drooped in the arms of King Mark, for the blood ran from his wounds.

The Morholt's men, they landed in Ireland quite cast down. For whenever he came back into Whitehaven the Morholt had been wont to take joy in the sight of his clan upon the shore, of the Queen his sister, and of his niece Iseult the Fair. Tenderly had they cherished him of old, and had he taken some wound, they healed him, for they were skilled in balms and potions. But now their magic was vain, for he lay dead and the splinter of the foreign brand yet stood in his skull till Iseult plucked it out and shut it in a chest.

From that day Iseult the Fair knew and hated the name of Tristan of Lyonesse.

But over in Tintagel Tristan languished, for there trickled a poisonous blood from his wound. The doctors found that the Morholt had thrust into him a poisoned barb and as their potions and their theriac could never heal him they left him in God's hands. So hateful a stench came from his wound that all his dearest friends fled him, all save King Mark, Gorvenal and Dinas of Lidan. They always could stay near his couch because their love overcame their abhorrence. At last Tristan had himself carried into a boat apart on the shore; and lying facing the sea he awaited death, for he thought: "I must die; but it is good to see the sun and my heart is still high. I would like to try the sea that brings all chances. . . I would have the sea bear me far off alone, to what land no matter, so that it heal me of my wound."

He begged so long that King Mark accepted his desire. He bore him into a boat with neither sail nor oar, and Tristan wished that his harp only should be placed beside him: for the sails he could not lift, nor oar ply, nor sword wield; and as a seaman on some long voyage casts to the sea a beloved companion dead, so Gorvenal pushed out to sea that boat where his dear son lay; and the sea drew him away.

For seven days and seven nights the sea so drew him; at times to charm his grief, he harped; and when at last the sea brought him near a shore where fishermen had left their port that night to fish far out, they heard as they rowed a sweet and strong and living tune that ran above the sea, and feathering their oars they listened immovable.

In the first whiteness of the dawn they saw the boat at large: she went at random and nothing seemed to live in her except the voice of the harp. But as they neared, the air grew weaker and died; and when they hailed her Tristan's hands had fallen lifeless on the strings though they still trembled. The fishermen took him in and bore him back to port, to their lady who was merciful and perhaps would heal him.

It was that same port of Whitehaven where the Morholt lay, and their lady was Iseult the Fair.

She alone, being skilled in philtres could save Tris-

tan, but she alone wished him dead. When Tristan knew himself again (for her art restored him), he knew himself to be in a land of peril. But he was yet strong to hold his own and found good crafty words. He told a tale of how he was a seer that had taken passage on a merchant ship and sailed to Spain to learn the art of reading all the stars,—of how pirates had boarded the ship and of how, though wounded, he had fled into that boat. He was believed, nor did any of the Morholt's men know his face again, so hardly had the poison used it. But when, after forty days, Iseult of the Golden Hair, had all but healed him, when already his limbs had recovered and the grace of youth returned, he knew that he must escape, and he fled and after many dangers he came again before Mark the King.

(To be continued.)

Kindly Caricatures

(11) Chester H. Krum

WHO am I, the commentator, that I should trifle with a classic? For that is what Chester Harding Krum most undoubtedly is—a classic. He is St. Louis' best known lawyer, and one had almost said, best beloved, for in his classicism there is much which is warmly human. There is no telling how young is Judge Krum. His years are many, but his youthfulness is incorrigible. His are the only whiskers in this wide world which incite not to jest. They are the right thing in the right place. They enhance the man's atmosphere of dignity and they soften his smile to a winsomeness which seems to gleam through a sort of expression of mingled aloofness and surprise. They mitigate a personality intensely intellectual, sardonic, self-repressive, and they decorate a severity of exterior, which when illuminated by inner geniality, reminds one of the play of firelight upon ice. Judge Krum is *aurora borealis*. It's more years ago than I remember that he was circuit judge, United States attorney, appointee and friend of Grant, and those were trying days. They were the days of the Whiskey Ring, in which Krum figured as the friend of Grant. They were days when he was the one member of the bar in Missouri who bade fair to occupy a seat on the Supreme Bench. His great scintillant gifts delighted everyone. He loomed stupendous at the bar in his apparently frosty elegance. But underneath the suavely cool surface there lurked the everlasting boy. Not "the Old Boy"—just boy. The judge stopped to play. Ambition did not lure him. He cared for other things, mostly for his ease. He sat back and made oceans of money and dawdled it away on exquisite fancies of amusement, and the more serious he looked to the world the more certain it was that his thoughts were on some rare edition of a curious book, upon a deliciously devised dinner, upon a symposium of a few choice souls, where care was altogether off watch. Exteriorly an aristocrat of the aristocrats, reeking almost of cold roast Boston, he was the most democratic of persons, and always with a composed serious air which but slightly concealed an almost Bohemian irresponsibility. Yet this apparent irresponsibility went with a rigid manliness and a rugged intellect. He passed with marvelous rapidity from the dawdler and the dilettante to the thunderer at the bar. His denunciation of Frank Bowman in the disbarment proceedings against that barroter, is a masterpiece of invective logic. In every big case is Krum somewhere. If not of record, some lawyer who is of record is feeling Krum for the law. He's the first man the politician or the sport in trouble thinks of as necessary to "make a front" in court, and Krum in court is a delight. No man was ever so easy in his manner. No other man dares as he dares to jolly the judge. No matter how tense the situation, the boy in Krum will play. His sarcastic wit, his convulsing irrelevancies, his artistry

of grimace are such that men are not averse to acting as jurors if Krum is to try the case. Unfortunately the method is not without danger. Often there is more Krum than case; the brilliancy of the lawyer is more than the law and the evidence, and the forensic display doesn't "get results." Judge Krum is not studious. He isn't a grubber either for precedents or money. He might be called an intuitive lawyer, though he is at his best undoubtedly in the Federal Courts where the formality is strongest and the law the coldest. Then, in intellectual duel with the judge, with his comedic sense restrained just enough to make its play fascinatingly elusive and frequently perilously near to *infra dig*, with an imperturbable aplomb, consummate address and the perfection of exquisite manner, Chester Krum is an attraction for all the bar. I've seen him when I could think of nothing with which to compare him, except that *Beau Brummel* of Mansfield's, in the scene where the beau is having his fingers oiled to suppleness by his valet. Indeed there's a strong trace of Mansfield in Krum, something of the same supercilious mental superiority, something too in the sharpness of voice, something more of an odd unexpected sadness of personal tone, which, in the picture to-day, caricaturist Bloch has expressed in an apparently unintentional smear on the upper lip. For with all his scintillant comedy, his prankishness of mind, his flair for the exploitation of the trivial at the time the important has the floor, there's that about Krum which is a dimly suggested sadness. He is always ironic of himself in a subtle sort of fashion, and when you would have him at his best, you must have him, after all, at a well-set table talking of his flower garden or of his family, or making a salad. At all other times mostly, he seems to be sitting on the lid of himself. Cynicism with him is as "precious" as it was with Petronius Arbiter, and it mingles with a queer kind of sentimentalism that is essentially Bohemian in that it is strong while the mood is on, but evaporates quickly. This makes him maddening to people who demand of everyone a strenuous consistency. Krum isn't consistent in anything except his inconsistency. He lacks reverence for the prigs of his profession, and for the conventions of that body which thinly clothe its rapacity and conceal under sophistic "ethics" a practice which protects criminality or sharp dealing, by putting the letter above the spirit of the law. The Roman augurs, they say, couldn't look in one another's faces, and most lawyers always seem uncomfortable when prating before Krum of the ethics of the profession. His very dignity rebukes them. He takes cases some of his puristic brethren would never take, but they take worse cases if the fee is big enough to make the cause "respectable." Looking like the Boston ideal of a banker, Krum has that regard for money which is the despair and wonder of the prudent. He revels in expenditure upon foolishments and his most profitable clients grieve at disgoring to him fees which they feel will be irreverently squandered in whim-whams, for he's just as likely to squander a small fortune in toys of knick-knacks as to put it in government 4s. As an all-around mugump, there is no equal of Judge Krum, in St. Louis. His fine, discriminating, judicial sensitiveness enables him to detect fakirs and fakery in politics, and his scorn for them, never repressed, makes them all severe critics of himself. He doesn't care for politics, and is rarely interested, unless it is as the author of acidly humorous letters, corruscant with Shakespearean quotations, in the papers. At banquets he is always in demand for an address, which is always as elegant as it generally is satiric in secondary intention. There are few people who know Judge Krum beneath his obvious foibles. His sardonic mood conceals himself from the crowd to which, truth to tell, he is contemptuous, but he is dearly beloved among the agnostically elect, who are too much poets to be wise and too wise to be poets, paraphrasing an utterance of the late John Hay. The epicureanism of Krum is his chiefly savorful quality in fact; not

sensuous, like Omar Khayyam, but ascetic like Walter Pater. He lives in the *lumen siccum* and in his cynic disportings of mind he is never unconscious of a certain *hauteur*, that recoils from any lapse in the restraint which makes for personal distinction. He doesn't care, and then again he cares a great deal. What he does care for may be trifling; what he does not care for may seem to others most important. But he never explains. He goes his way with a lofty blitheness that bewilders the men who live by rule o' thumb. He likes all sorts of queer people, who are impossible in the opinion of his more stonily correct fellow-professionals, and his personality is exasperating, because it is non-sequential under its outward appearance of great consequence. But no one need search for Chester Harding Krum's qualities, if Krum likes him. He's a friend worth having, and he is offish and uppish only with and towards those whose worthiness is only apparent or adventitious. Those are some of the "important" things he doesn't care for. He is a romanticist without the color-sense. He is an exquisite, a self-centered man, an imaginative man, a Disraeli, modified by a nivose humor into something like a Roscoe Conkling, without the peacock feathers. His heart is deep hidden, yet the warmer when found. He warms both hands before the fire of life, but never gets wholly thawed, to the superficial observer. Imagine an Oliver Goldsmith born in Massachusetts, a Francois Rabelais partially reincarnated in a Charles Summer, an Aeolian harp in a duet with a buzz-saw, a sentimentalist fused with a remorseless vivisectionist, a Latin Quarter student devote of "La Vache Enragee," semi-hypnotized in the Concord School of Philosophy, a *Jack Oakhurst* twin brother of Chester A. Arthur—and there you have Chester Harding Krum, whose name you'll find in any list of the first fifty lawyers of the United States.

The Fisherman

By Eden Phillpotts

HE was a lad of high degree;
She was a farmer's daughter.
He came to fish the silver ley;
Or did he come to court her?
"Oh, angle where you will," quoth she;
"The little trout may swim to thee;
But never think that you'll catch me."

Yet where was that fair maiden born
But felt her heart beat higher
To see a lordling look forlorn
And beg to come anigh her?
"Stray nearer if you must," quoth she,
"Since 'tis an act of charity;
But never try to speak to me."

The Woodland ways are sweet and green
Under the summer weather,
And through the dingle, through the dene,
Go boy and girl together.
"You held my hand, because," quoth she,
"The stepping-stones were slippery;
But now I'm over, let it be."

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,
Red lips with promise laden;
A pleading voice and bright-brown eyes—
Alas, my pretty maiden!
"Can such a king of men," quoth she,
"Look down to wed a girl like me?
Then will I trust my soul to thee!"

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,
That little farmer's daughter,
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves
Fall on the shining water.
"Red leaves and river deep," quoth she,
"Come hide my tear-worn heart, for he
Hath broken and forgotten me."

—From the August Scribner.

Graft Bluffs Off Publicity

By W. M. R.

OF late years, by an agreement between the local daily newspapers, when one of them has been sued for damages for libel, no one of them mentioned the fact of the filing of the suit or the end thereof, unless it happened to be favorable to the paper sued, when the successful defendant paper usually flaunted its victory just a little.

Recently the *Globe-Democrat* and *Republic* have both been mulcted of damages in suits for libel growing out of news or comment upon trial of State Senators for bribery.

The *Republic* has been three or four times found guilty of libeling Mr. Lee Meriwether in comment upon his political deals, and certain phases of his several candidacies for Mayor.

Mr. Sam Cook, formerly Secretary of State of Missouri, has sued the *Globe-Democrat* for \$50,000 damages for comment upon his official conduct.

Mr. William J. Flynn, formerly Coal Oil Inspector of St. Louis, has recently sued the *Globe-Democrat* for charging him with things more or less heinous in the combination of politics and book-making at race tracks.

Mr. Sam Cook, formerly Secretary of State of Missouri, has sued the *Post-Dispatch* for \$100,000 because of its animadversions upon his performance of duty as to the inspection of the lately burst Salmon Bank at Clinton, Mo.

Now certain persons identified with the horse-racing game, recently declared to be illegal by act of the Legislature, have sued the *Post-Dispatch* for \$600,000 because that paper quoted the Attorney General of the State to the effect that those persons were engaged in the perpetration of a felony. This is a case of—"and the CAT 'came back.'"

Ex-Governor and present United States Senator Stone has heavy libel suits against the *Kansas City Star*, or *Times*, or both.

This bunch of trouble for the daily papers is rather remarkable. Mr. Meriwether's triumphs over the *Republic* have given hopes to the other political plaintiffs. Mr. Meriwether's cases have not been regarded as particularly strong ones; that is to say, the *Republic* appears to have made a fair showing on plea of justification of the articles Mr. Meriwether found so objectionable; yet Mr. Meriwether has won his case again and again.

It cannot be said that any of the papers have been particularly virulent or outrageous in their comments in most of these cases. As criticism goes, these days, their criticism has been mild. Without prejudice against the plaintiffs in any of the cases it may be said that the recent successful suits against the St. Louis publishers of daily papers have shown a decided readiness upon the part of juries to punish the press for severe criticism. Juries may be said to represent the people, and the people, therefore, seem to have it in for the newspapers.

Why have the people "got it in for" the newspapers? Because the people have no faith in the newspapers. Democrats don't like the Democratic *Republic*; Republicans do not like the Republican *Globe-Democrat*. Both dislike the *Post-Dispatch*. The people don't look on the papers as being run for the benefit of the public. The newspapers are believed to be mere money-making corporations, with sensationalism as their stock in trade. The people have been surfeited with the pillorying of men in Grand Jury reports, and the interviews of public prosecutors. The people are weary of exposures of folks near home. They don't want exposures, except of the big fellows in the East. The people of Missouri are particularly clannish and, as most of these suits are tried in the country, the people like to take a rap at "the corporation-press," especially when the corporation press is sued for gobs of money by political

demagogues in either the earlier good or later bad sense of the word "demagogue."

The silence of the press about the suits against its members has worked against them. They have not fought. They have not printed the evidence they had in justification of their articles of news or editorial. They have not made the public a jury and given it the evidence they had. Once the *Republic* had the Cook element of the Democratic party "going," but the party leaders rallied, and the suit in which the *Republic* brought out evidences of corruption was compromised by the plaintiff upon receipt of a dignified sum paid him by a mysterious "Mr. Brown," acting in the interest of the Democratic party, or some endangered leader.

But whatever the causes of the papers' failing to fight the cases by printing the evidence they adduce in justification of the alleged libels, and thus gaining the credit for courage, to say nothing of a verdict of approval now and then from the larger jury of their readers, the fact is that the papers appear to have been, and to be, pretty well "bluffed." They won't stand to lose money in the cause of reform or of the liberty of the press. They have plenty of money—each and all of them. But "Plutus is timid."

How timid Plutus is may be surmised from the fact that Cella, Adler and Tilles, the race gambling magnates, entered suit for heavy damages against the *St. Louis Chronicle* for criticism of their methods. Now that the *Chronicle* has consolidated with the *Star*, as the *Star-Chronicle*, the hyphenated paper carries the Cella-Adler-Tilles advertising, and its news columns boost the Cella-Adler-Tilles racing game, and its editorial columns warn Governor Folk against too drastic or extra constitutional methods of suppressing registry of betting on horse races, which has been a felony since June 17th last. The *Republic* is lukewarm editorially in calling for race gambling suppression, while its news columns are waveringly in favor of the gamblers, and the *Globe-Democrat* calls for the enforcement of the law at intervals, and with a sardonic, sarcastic, ironic undertone of belittlement of Governor Folk that takes half the terror from its very anæmic "thunder."

No one can favor a press that attacks men or institutions causelessly. If men, or aggregations of men, think they are libeled, they are within their rights in suing for damages and entitled to reparation and vindication if they have been injured. No one wants to discourage libel suits. Especially does the public refrain from discouraging libel suits, when the papers sued, after attacking men, only fight hard enough to reduce damages and try to avoid the discredit of defeat by refusing to print the news of that defeat. They should prove their case, as well as they can, to the public. They don't do this. And then, when they lose their case, they keep silent in order to keep the public from knowing that the plaintiffs have won. They are unfair to the public and to the plaintiffs as well. They don't justify themselves, and they make no reparation to those who may be shown to be their victims. The silence policy, therefore, is a bad one. It operates to make juries find verdicts against the press, since silence implies fear, and fear implies guilt, and the suppression of vindication of their antagonists does not wash out the stain made or harm done in the publication of the articles complained of by the victims. Not fighting, the papers are cowardly. Not retracting, if wrong, they are ungenerous. Not publishing their own conviction, and leaving the public to believe that what they said was true and justified when the courts and juries have said otherwise, is a wrong, an exercise of a tyranny of oppression and suppression against those who have won vindication of the accusations, imputations or innuendoes made against them.

This course on the part of the newspapers alienates public sympathy from them. It makes the public think the press cowardly and too free, or licen-



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tious. It convinces the public that the press is unfair when it prints only its own side of a controversy in which a man's character is involved.

And when the public sympathy is alienated from the press, *brazen graft and open felony may take advantage of that sympathy to stifle publicity and obstruct and prevent the cure of corruption. Unfairness to honest libellants gives rise to prejudice that may flower into verdicts for crooks and political or other thieves.*

The Letters of Lucifer

(11) To A Politician

Dear Sir:

YOUR invitation to address the members of your political club on the issues of the day, came yesterday. Is this an effort to give a practical example of the scholar in politics? Or has the incident of our casual meeting on a Northern trout stream suggested the idea? The popular conception of a well-known politician is a fallacy I long since discarded. This was a portly gentleman with a silk hat tilted back on his forehead, a cigar, a glittering diamond on his shirt bosom, and a wallet bulging with ill-gotten gain.

As a man who has mingled freely with all classes in this metropolis for over two-score years, I protest against this caricature. Politicians are judged superficially. The successful man in politics is of necessity a man of positive and distinct individuality. If he were not, he would never have emerged from the comparative obscurity of his environment.

He must be able to do many things well. To instance, he should be capable of dissembling admirably. He cannot hope, of course, to be such an adept in the post-graduate courses of Machiavellian hypocrisy as the divine, or the lawyer. The hair-splitting, and keenly intellectual phases of Phariseism are beyond him. However, as a sturdy and ingenious liar, he is not to be despised.

At the same time, nevertheless, your true politician must perforce be a man with bowels of compassion. Allow me, my dear sir, to assert in all candor, that there is more of the milk of human kindness in one hardened politician than in a wilderness of ministers and attorneys.

I recollect well a certain lady of this city. She was the head of an institution whose mission was to help the poor. She was a woman of singularly noble

and virile character. The leading politician of the neighborhood was a man who gave liberally to the needy of the district, but he was bitterly assailed by the press and the Reformers. You know what a Reformer is. He is a man who

*"Condone the sins he is inclined to
By damning those he has no mind to."*

This sweet and self-sacrificing lady began by antagonizing the politician, but she ended by heartily joining hands with him in aiding the suffering in that portion of the city. Her reason was, to paraphrase Mark Twain, that while he might be possessed of divers reprehensible qualities if the newspapers and critics were to be believed, he certainly had some very excellent traits of character to offset them with.

It will be a pleasure for me to accept your kind invitation. I found you a man of courage, heart, and liberality. I do not know what you would do in a crisis to gain a point or defeat an enemy. To be honest, I do not know what I would do myself under such circumstances.

What seems most commendable in the average politician is his inability to play the part of a hypocrite. After all, hypocrisy is the cardinal failing in human nature, the unpardonable sin.

To return to that sneering phrase "the scholar in politics." I have noticed that shrewd and hard-headed leaders in the political world have been very glad at times to avail themselves of the services of the scholar, and the writer. A speech is rarely as effective as a tersely written pamphlet, and even in politics brains count for something.

Possibly our foregathering at the camp-fire in the north woods gave each of us a better opinion of one another. I know our parting hand-clasp was mutually sincere. I liked you, and I trust the feeling was reciprocated. We had found things in common to admire and appreciate. We whipped the same streams, and you killed your fish in a sportsmanlike manner. You were by far the more skillful as a fisherman, while I, perhaps, knew my Izaak Walton better. We had hours together which I shall always remember pleasantly.

The guides were your friends, I noticed. Not on account of your liberality, pronounced though that was; but they saw the man in you and responded.

I shall be glad to be with you and your friends on the evening of the 20th.

Sincerely,

LUCIFER.

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Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Wrenny Jen:

JANE, Jane, what do you think of your old mud-pie chum, Tudor Wilkinson now? Wait till I tell you what a dickens of a mess he has been getting into. My stars! Jane, he got arrested, and put into jail for I don't know how many hours, and his father and a whole lot of men had to go down with buckets of money and bail him out, and it was all awful and common, and sad, and Tudor was so embarrassed that he bit his finger nails down to the quick, and he said he'd seen the folly of his ways, and would the dear, kind judge please forgive him this time and there never would be anything again in the same fishing steal line, and, Jane, the judge was terribly severe, and said, "well, sir, that's all very fine, but I've noticed most young men of your proclivities give me the same old gag when they see the stone pile looming up in the dim distance." Wasn't that perfectly awfully cutting? And Tudor just wilted like a little faded violet and hung his head, and they gave him some of those lavender salts that you always carry in your handbag when you travel, to keep from fainting, because of the car smoke, you know, and Tude braced and went home—only he hasn't any home to go to, because his family board, —a sadder and a wiser man.

What was it all about? Oh, dear, Jane, I never will learn to tell a story at the very beginning. You see, Tude and some other fellows who can't stand parlor tricks and effete aristocracy and Mission furniture more'n eight months in the year, had planned a lovely trip somewhere way up in the wilds of Canada—I think near the North Pole, from the way they mentioned its remoteness from the haunts of man—and woman, Jane. Anyhow, they were to start this week, and they bought tents and sardines and mosquito netting and birch bark canoes, and cowhide boots and honey-and-almond-cream and all those necessary but unmentionable things, until their bank accounts were perceptibly diminished. Isn't that a nice phrase, Jane—nice to all but the unfortunate experiencers thereof, Jane, and they came round and said good-bye to us all, and to look out for boxes of trout by express—prepaid, for there never was anything mean about Tude, you know—where we girls were concerned,—anyway, Tude went down to the Simmons Hardware Company to get a few reel nice things for his fishing outfit—something bang up and out-of-sight, Jane, only he forgot to pay for 'em, and Mr. Simmons isn't used to giving away even ten-cent reels to the real thing like Tude. And some clerk or other gave the whole thing away—I don't mean the fishing tackle,—but the tackle turned up missing and the way they suspected dear old Tude was too horrid for words, Jane, they tracked him way out to Pete Seltzer's bungalow—all the papers printed it "Bugaloo," which must have made Pete

perfectly furious, Jane, you know how stuck on that place he is, and how he likes people to think he's been in India, and seen boa constrictors on their native heath and rajahs on their pet elephants and all that. Pete gives me an awful pain sometimes, but he's been good to Tude, and the Wilkinson family simply offer up prayers nightly for him—Pete, I mean—and I guess they think a little praying for their son Tudor won't do any harm right now—well, anyway, we all were perfectly shocked. You see, Jane, he didn't just appropriate nor kleptomaniate nor any other of those high-sounding but disagreeable things—he just nipped four or five fishing reels because he wanted to put on the lugs over the other fellows in the party. And that's where we all can't forgive and forget. Somehow, I can understand a poor, but honest, young man who had never been fishing in his life, and who hadn't the mun for one good-sized reel, being tempted beyond the dreams of avarice and Izaak Walton, when he passed through the Simmons emporium, and, being thus tempted, to sneak a reel under his coat and cut and run; but for a swell like Tude—did you see where the papers said he was a "prominent club man" and society gent and other things too nauseating for words, when he belongs to the Mercantile, Jane, and the Algonquin Club, gave him the quick finish long ago, and none of the others will listen to his name for a minute—well, I say for Tude to un and hook a reel, or reel a hook, like any common lifter, it just makes me sick—it does, and I don't see how we can take him back into the fold. If this was the first—you know the story might end differently, but don't you remember the unpaid tailor's bill several years ago when he wouldn't pay up, but played the baby racket and said he'd ordered the duds when he was under age and legally an infant, and Papa Wilkinson had to come forward and plank down the cash, and everybody said, "Oh, my! what a bold young man," except our fathers, who swore loud and long, and said, "I hope my daughter will never be seen with that fellow." But you know, Jane, how prejudiced fathers always are—and I think Tude has good stuff in him, only it will take the plains of Texas and the wilds of Arizona to bring it out. There is nothing else for him to do but go West, young man, and the sooner the fewer—I mean in this misdemeanor line. Tude ought to be whipped and put to bed. And he related to Senator Cockrell, too, and the Ewings, and ever so many fine folks. I'm sorry to say Tudor Wilkinson doesn't get any of my sympathy, I can tell you. Oh, I forgot; he does, too. I rather feel that anyone who gets in on E. C. Simmons in any way ought to be commended. His joint is the meanest place in town to work. His help there call him the slave-driver, and they're all pestered and persecuted and humiliated with little, narrow, measly rules and fines, and labor hates him as much as wealth, for E. C. Simmons is not popular even with his fellow millionaires, because he's so "near." Then, too, Sim-

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mons, the elder, is a friend of Tudor's father, and yet he wouldn't drop prosecution of the boy—ugh, but he's the cheese, slightly rancid. Come to think of it, I'm sorry Tude didn't get away with more'n he got.

Jane, I heard some news from Mrs. James L. Blair the other day. She still writes to mother, you know. Well, she's getting tired of living up there somewhere east of Suez, or maybe it's north

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of New York, anyhow, she's determined to move, and she's settled on Washington, D. C., where a good many old friends of hers live, and the fall will find her down there, so mothers says. You know she's in mourning for her younger brother, whose name was Will Alexander, I think, and is very quiet on that account. Both the boys, Percy and Francis, are with her, and Percy is in business in New York—has given up college. But this Washington scheme stops all the rumors that she might return to St. Louis, doesn't it? I never thought she'd come back, though lots of people said she would. Washington life will just suit her, when she gets to doing things again—I can quite fancy her even starting a salon in six or eight years, and gathering round a lot of people who are worth while. By the way, the cottage where she now lives at Irvington was built by some New York chap two years ago, who was then engaged to a St. Louis girl, and who jilted him at the last minute and called the deal all off, so that he got perfectly disgusted with the place and leased it at once. Wish I knew who that girl was, and I'd tell you her name. I just love real gossip like that, don't you, Jane, darling?

Oh, who do you think has gone in for nursing? Your old friend, May Pannill—no, I remember that Daisy was the one you used to chum with—May is a year or two older and more sedate than Daisy, who married that awful big boy, Harry Blodgett, and she is such a mere mite, you know, and as pretty as a peach, and she just leads him round by the nose, so they say, and he worships her so that he never even says "Ouch," when she gives the aforesaid nose a tweak. They are housekeeping now, and Papa and Mamma Blodgett think there's nobody like Daisy. Well, May has gone into St. Luke's, and I'll bet it isn't as much fun as it's cracked up to be. Why, Jane, our doctor said when I told him that one of my dearest friends—meaning May—had gone in for nursing—and that I didn't think she would like it, not having the strength of a Samson, and all that, you know, and think, Jane, how horrid to have to sit up and fan people all night, and not people that you were fond of, either, but some hateful, horrid person who would complain in a nasty way that you fanned too slow or too fast, or too anything,—well, when I asked the doctor what he thought, he just said, "Ask your friend if she's learned how to wash bottles yet." That's all the subs do for a year. Every morning they give her a row of bottles to wash, and when she gets them all nice and clean—as she thinks—and has set them out and polished them up, along comes the head nurse and says, without ceremony, but with a majestic wave of the hand: "Wash those

bottles over again, and wash them clean." No, Jane, just imagine you or me or any of our crowd having to truckle down like that, for, of course, you have to wash them if the H. N. says so. No ministering-angel-act for a whole year, Jane. I musn't forget to tell May what the doctor said, and maybe that will discourage her. It's too bad, a nice, jolly girl like May must bury herself in hospitals and that kind of thing; why, it's awful now, ain't it?

Say, Jane, do you remember Mrs. Anita Comfort, who was the wife of Colonel Charles Comfort, and who wrote popular music and owned a cat with diamonds set in its teeth, and lived on Lindell boulevard in a house that was most all Oriental draperies? Of course you do. Well, she went to New York, where she now lives in congenial surroundings, I believe, but anyhow, what I started to tell you was, that the other night somebody introduced me to a Mrs. Comfort, and it turned out to be the second Mrs. C., for Colonel Comfort and Mrs. Anita were divorced, and he has married again—she is very young, looks about nineteen, maybe twenty, and tall and quite pretty, in a pink-cheeked style, with very light hair. I don't know how long they've been married; about a year, I think.

The Harry Drummonds are out West, somewhere in Colorado, my dear, and last accounts they were visiting Sam Pierce and his wife in Colorado Springs. Sam has taken up ranching, and as he is pretty well used to that country, and has lots of friends in Denver, guess he'll make a good thing of it. His wife, who was a Miss Palmer of Jamestown, Rhode Island, has money, so I hear, and they've built a lovely house near the Springs, where all the St. Louis people have been going lately, as Sam always was the very soul of hospitality. But with Harry Drummond away, poor Ed Paramore just peeks and pines, except when he's story telling at the club. He told a young lady, in a party given by Mrs. P., who was complaining about the cooking at a dinner elsewhere: "It isn't the menu that makes a good dinner, it's the men you sit next to." I don't see how Mrs. P. stands that Ed. It must be awful to be married to a wit and a humorist who just won't get mad, when you try to make him so.

The St. Louis Club garden party set for last week, and the only one they've had courage to arrange this summer, as everybody is away, didn't come off. The committee said because it rained, but I think the real reason was because Tom Francis is out of town, and their nerve failed at the last minute to really have a blow-out without Tom. It wouldn't be a success,

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you see, for just as soon as the guests found out Tom wasn't there they'd up and go home early. Of course the standbys would have helped—Park von—can't take time to write out the rest, but you know who I mean, and Leslie Aglar, who's taken to writing poetry lately, so I hear—must have a girl on his mind, don't you think? Can't say whether it's good or bad, because I'm not the girl, Jane, and so haven't had even a smell of the pomes.

Heigho! The town is dull, Jane, and you can just bet your décollete gloves on that. Oh! for a real, juicy scandal, something that would just burn up the pages of this letter and throw you into fits, like that terrible affair at Kirkwood in which the wife has been dispossessed by her own sister and mother—as it is, here's what's doing about your mother, but there's nothing to write at all—that's fit mother,—but there's nothing to write at all—that's fit for publication.

BLUE JAY.

Letters From the People

A WAIL FOR HOME RULE.

St. Louis, July 28, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The public does not hear much from Jefferson City these days, about "home rule," but, of late, a great deal has been said about St. Louis police running affairs in St. Louis County. Evidently, Governor Folk has changed his mind about "Home Rule." Perhaps home rule, like boodle, has fulfilled its mission, so far as the Governor is concerned, and should only be referred to in the past tense. Still, one cannot help recalling the campaign promises made by Governor Folk, and comparing what candidate Folk said with what Chief Executive Folk has done. There is a very wide difference. St. Louis has never been so far removed from "home rule" as at present, and the whole trend of the Governor's administration has been to rule this city with an iron hand. To this end, he has delved into musty and forgotten laws and put the city on the rack in a manner never dreamed of by any former Governor. St. Louis County is at the mercy of the St. Louis police department, and the local law-officers are little better than wooden men. They have no rights that the St. Louis police feel under obligation to respect. The police go on the theory that their power is superior to that of the County officials, and the Governor upholds them in this view.

It is said that a large percentage of the voters of the State heartily concur in the course Governor Folk is pursuing towards St. Louis County. This is probably true. But granting that the worst that has been said against the local law-officers of St. Louis County, is a fact, it is also true that the Governor has usurped a rather dangerous prerogative in trampling local government under foot. He has violated a fundamental principle of the party to which he belongs. If the contention of his legal advisors is correct, the Governor can send St. Louis policemen into any County in the State, and their authority will be paramount to that of the local officers. Just now St. Louis County is the object of the Governor's wrath, and public opinion is largely with him in the extreme measures he has adopted. Local government, such as that County has, or rather had, until the St. Louis police assumed these functions, is a disgrace to civilization and a stench to the whole State. But after a while some other County may come in for rule from Jefferson City, and then those who are now excoriating St. Louis County may see things differently.

It is rather strange, too, that those who protest the loudest and longest when government troops are used to suppress rioting, can see nothing to condemn in Governor Folk sending St. Louis policemen into St. Louis County to close Sunday saloons and make arrests where and when they please without warrants.

There is some warrant for the belief that Governor Folk has the people pretty

well hypnotized. He can do the most contradictory things and meet with public approval. Better than any Governor the State ever had, he knows the value of advertising, and he makes good use of this knowledge. Any reason he assigns for anything he may do, or leave undone is readily indorsed. He has thrown boodle and home rule into the ash barrel, as lemons from which all the juice has been extracted, and there is none to gainsay him. Like a moving panorama, one is so occupied in watching for his next move that there is no time to consider the past. What he says to-day, is good for to-day only, but subject to renewal on the morrow.

Strange man is Governor Folk.

C. B. O.

(The vigorous correspondent makes a good case as far as he goes. But he misses a point. It is "home rule" that gave St. Louis County its fearful and wonderful crowd of officials absolutely subservient to the race-gamblers. Doubtless Folk rules St. Louis "with an iron hand." But Cella-Adler-Tilles ruled it before him with an iron heel and "the gelt in the mitt."—ED MIRROR.)

✦

PICTURES IN THE PAPERS.

St. Louis, July 30th, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

There is a warm contest on between two or three of the St. Louis dailies to determine which one can print the most pictures of men and women, mostly women. Really, this is getting to be a serious matter, and more or less of a nuisance. A judicious use of pictures serves a good end, but this thing of jamming the columns of a paper full of "Miss Blank, the first woman to stand on her head at Broadway and Olive," and "John Stomach, the hod carrier, who ate 97 pancakes in thirty minutes and nine and one-half seconds," is disgusting sensible persons. The country is full of rattle brains seeking notoriety, and a good many of the daily newspapers are encouraging them. Let a woman ride down town on top of a street car, or do anything else that a modest and refined woman will not do, and there will be a neck-and-neck race between three of the St. Louis dailies for her picture. This is placing a premium on a form of idiocy that is entirely too common. Be it said to the credit of the *Globe-Democrat* that it has not belonged to the class of newspapers here described, although there are symptoms of an outbreak of the malady even there.

The St. Louis proprietors of daily papers will barely pay an artist living wages. A coal-heaver makes better wages than the average artist in St. Louis. Good ones rarely stay here long. It is a wonder that Russell of the *Globe-Democrat* has held out so long, because he is an artist who would make double the salary paid him here almost anywhere else. There are not many better cartoonists in the country than Russell, although his opportunities in this line are limited.

So it is not love of art that causes

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ALL Men's Summer Clothing must go to make room for fall stocks. To accomplish a clearance at once we have reduced prices to a point hitherto unknown in St. Louis retailing. It is a great opportunity to save.

Men's Single and Double Breasted Suits, made of fancy mixed chevots, worsteds and tweeds; stylish and serviceable garments; reduced from \$15 and \$20 to **\$5.00**

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the St. Louis dailies to run so much to pictures. Photographs are cheap and this may explain a good deal. Moreover, Governor Folk and ex-Governor Francis are not the only two persons in Missouri who want their pictures in the newspapers. And some of the pictures as they appear in print—ye gods, what nightmares—small wonder that the crop of inebriates is growing and the insane asylum running over.

"I wonder if there is any way I could get my picture in the Sunday paper?" asked a pretty St. Louis girl of her newspaper friend.

"Walk up town in your shift and promenade on Broadway," was the true, but rather rude rejoinder.

It is evident that a good many people do ridiculous things purposely to get their pictures in the papers, and in turn, the papers encourage them.

MUGGSY.

BULL TIMES AND HIGH RENTS.

St. Louis, July 29, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

St. Louis business men who complain of dull times in trade ought to go after the high rent grabbers with a club. They are contributing to make business in St. Louis duller than it has ever been before in summer. The hot season, of course, has always been a little dull because of the exodus to the summer resorts, but then we had the trade of the middle and working classes to draw on. Now the middle and working classes are in the grasp of the landlords. Many of them in an effort to escape the high rentals have undertaken to buy their own homes. To do this they have been compelled to borrow money and borrowing means close economy, perhaps downright stinting, and the natural consequence is duller times than ever; for an awful large wad of money is thus diverted from the customary channels of business—in this case the small tradesmen. The extent of the activity in this line can be seen in the long list of real estate transfers and building permits every day. This is not all, however. Many hundreds of these renters are trying to secure homes on the plan of paying so much down and an increased rental each month. These transactions do not figure in the daily record of such matters, but they are part and parcel of the high rent conspiracy, and tend only to make times dull. When the landlords get the middle class working for them alone, other lines of business are bound to suffer. So it's up to business men to go after the sharks.

A RENTER.

THE LID AND FAKE CLUBS.

St. Louis, July 29, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Why does not some one take a crack at the "lid" and show up the evils and injustice it has wrought and which threaten to grow worse. It would really be laughable, if it wasn't so serious, the way the thing is working. Here are some two or three thousand saloon-keepers who are paying regularly for the privilege of doing business, compelled to shut up shop on Sunday while

next door to each, running wide open, and selling liquor to everybody who comes along, may be a so-called club. A fine piece of justice that! Of what use is the lid? There are already fully 300 of these fake clubs scattered over the city, and they are doing more harm morally, than all the saloons put together. It was a rare thing to see a boy of 16 or 17 drunk in a saloon, but since the day of the lid, and the "phony" "clubs" not a Sunday has passed that these "clubs" have not been full of youths of the neighborhood, in various stages of inebriation. Another thing: the fake club operator, unlike the saloon man, is responsible to no one. At least it looks as though he weren't, for he does pretty much as he pleases, and no one says "booh." If Excise Commissioner Mulvihill is so anxious to help the cause of temperance and decency, why doesn't he give these clubs more attention and less rope. Better a dozen saloons in a neighborhood than one club! Parents of St. Louis are realizing this every Sunday, and they charge it all to the Sunday law and to Folk.

A PARENT.

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

Chicago, July 30, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

How are you ever going to stop gambling. It's an ineradicable instinct of human nature. I send you the following clipping from the New York Sun as a hint:

"For several days the puzzled office manager was wondering why it was that the clerks should be gathered about the electric fan in the rear of the office. It was even more odd that on his entrance they should suddenly lose their interest in the cooling breeze.

"The other afternoon he was called into consultation with another firm and remarked to the chief clerk, that should he not return, it would be well to close up the office a little earlier than usual on account of the heat.

"It was half past five when he approached the office. He knew that the place would be closed, but there were certain papers he wanted to take home with him. To his surprise, the office door was open and he could hear excited voices. Just as he reached the doorway there was the whir of an electric fan. The noise of the fan stopped and there was an excited argument as to whether the number was two or three.

He was well into the room before his approach was observed, and he discovered that the chief clerk and his secretary were using the electric fan as a wheel of fortune. The four blades were numbered, and each took two of the blades. The fan was permitted to run for a moment, and when the current was shut off the number nearest the top of the guard won the quarter stakes."

Shall we have all the electric fans confiscated at once? What are we going to do about this?

YOU BET.

(We can't stop gambling, but we can stop the business of catering to that vice. We can stop panders to that vice

from getting control of politics and using profits from such pandering to corrupt officials into extending gambling magnates' influence.—ED. MIRROR.

THOSE AWFUL EXCURSIONS.

St. Louis, August 1, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I'd like to call the attention of Father Coffey, or some other fearless, outspoken apostle of common decency to the excursion-boat evil. A hundred;

yes, a thousand times, worse than the wine-room in its consequences to young girls and boys are these so-called river outings. Girls of all ages, and many in short dresses, steal away from their homes to attend them, and the orgies aboard the boats often beggar description. They are vicious enough to shock even an old timer like myself. Men old enough to be the fathers of their girl companions think nothing of leading them to the shoot-the-chute

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that ends in disgrace. And what happens aboard the boats is but a trifle to scenes enacted on the streets and less public places after the excursion. It is a common thing to see girls still in their teens under the influence of liquor, on the street at all hours. Something should be done to check this condition of affairs. The evil has grown already into a big festering sore that calls for the knife. But, perhaps, the excursion boat managers are bigger than decency and law, as they were during the Fair. Last year they were gambling dens, this year it would be difficult to give them a fitting designation. But the good people who are opposed to recruiting stations for houses of ill-repute may be able to accomplish what the authorities seem unable or undesirous of doing. Who's behind this graft, anyhow?

A ROUNDER.

("Rounder" certainly doesn't mean the excursions under the auspices of organizations of churches, etc. There are many decently, pleasurable excursions for charity. But he's right as to the excursion for the rake-off of a snap gang, the night excursion, especially. And now we're to have the night excursion, with, possibly, gambling accompaniments, under old "pull" auspices. This latter deserves the attention of the police.—ED. MIRROR.)



WHEN YOU'VE PICKED OUT YOUR TRIP

Your next move should be a visit to our establishment to pick out the goods for two or three pairs of extra trousers in order to meet the wear your vacation will give the trousers of your summer suit.

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Opposite which is the Post Office, and in which are Phones Main 2612, Main 180 and B 300.

Summer Shows

All roads lead to the Alps this week because Grace Van Studdiford, a St. Louis girl, possessor of one of the richest soprano voices on the American stage, is singing at the concerts. St. Louisans never tire of Mrs. Van Studdiford's singing. She is a great social favorite here, and everyone is proud of her success, as is attested by the large and fashionable audiences at the Alps at every performance. No better attraction could have been secured by the management. The music of the all-St. Louis orchestra is also popular, and the programmes are gems in that line of entertainment.

"The Wizard of the Nile," an enjoyably staged production, catches Delmar Garden patrons on the jump. It is pretty, and has any number of funny spots that are the life of the piece. Gus Weinberg takes the part Frank Daniels was wont to splurge in, and while he does not quite attain to Daniels' standard as funmaker, he manages to keep the audience in pretty good humor. William H. West, as the King, and Miss Fairbairn as Queen, leave nothing to be desired. Frederick Knight, as Ptermigan, and Toby Craige as Obeliska also contribute to the public's enjoyment. Mr. Knight and Elinor Kent render a duet that is easily among the best features of the musical side of the show.

The Igorrotes from the Province of Bontoc, whom Dr. T. K. Hunt, brought over again for the Portland Exposition, are now at Forest Park Highlands, where they are demonstrating that the interest which they created last year, has not died out with the World's Fair. They danced before thousands of visitors since their opening last Sunday, and held several dog feasts, with all the attending ceremony. They are proving a great attraction at Col. Hopkins' resort. In the Pavilion a pleasing vaudeville bill offers further inducement to summer garden frequenters. The Five Hanlons are the headliners, and are presenting their new sketch, "Phunny Phrolics," which causes huge applause. The Three Jacks, Smith and Fuller, cleverest of all performers on odd musical instruments, Ethel Robinson, who makes a big hit as an imitator of May Irwin, the McConnell Sisters, who are headliners in a dancing specialty that has no equal on the stage, and James H. Cullen, the monologist, round out a fine programme. To-day, Thursday, the West End Business Men's Association will have their picnic at Forest Park Highlands, and a lively time is in prospect.

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The Carnage of William Rash

BY MRS. H-MPHR-Y WARD.

(Chapter. I.)

When William Rash first met Looney Kitty, she had just emerged from a madhouse, called through her enchanting and wayward caprice, "The Convent."

Now William Rash with those indolences, ironies and impetuous idiosyncrasies of which he was fully and completely aware, detested the commonplace. Therefore, the first evening he heard Kitty rave, he had been profoundly and poignantly moved. She had seemed more bewitchingly, bewilderingly insane than ever before. Far into the night he sat dreaming about her, when his delicious and intimate reveries were suddenly broken in upon by a pistol shot.

For a moment Rash was stunned; and then glancing at the floor, he saw a white object lying at his feet. With an exquisite an unerring aim, Looney Kitty, a flash of white in the shadows of the orangery, had shot off his ear.

"Madcap," he murmured tenderly. He picked up the ear, and thrust it in his pocket, his heart beating to suffocation. Then he pursued her.

The light and delicate figure of Looney Kitty stood in the gloom of the night, and something passionate and profound moved William Rash as he captured her hand. It was the pain of his ear.

"Looney Kitty," he whispered brokenly, "I don't know whether you could put up with anyone so rational as myself; but I love you. I ask you to marry me."

A silence. The night seemed to have grown darker. Then a soft hand seized his, and Kitty's pearly teeth sank deeply into his wrist. A pang of intense and excruciating delight shot through Rash. "But I am mad as a hatter," said a plaintive voice, musical, melancholy, caressing.

"I love you for that, Kitty. I want

the loon, dear; not the timid, domestic dove."

Their lips met, and Rash knew himself free at last of the great company of poets and alienists.

(Chapter XXX.)

Looney Kitty and William Rash had been married several years, when she ran away for the first time with Geoffrey Whiff. There was about Whiff a strange and romantic charm. He was a finished and undeniable product of Third Avenue melodrama, and women loved him with a passionate and heart-breaking abandon; for a sombre power shone from his eyes—the subtle, picturesque power of the charlatan and fakir.

But Kitty was unhappy in her flight. The little inn where she and Whiff stopped, was uncomfortable, and the landlady's children had the measles. So she returned to William Rash. He was idiotically glad to see her.

"Kitty," he said, with that tolerance which was the keynote of his nature, and concealing with difficulty the amusement in his tone, "Kitty, why do you run away with other men?"

She raised her strange, beautiful eyes glittering with delirium to his. "It amuses me," she said with touching indifference.

And then, throwing her arms about him she murmured adorable and poignant things.

Lady Standmore, Rash's mother, entered presently, to see Rash sitting astride a chair, while Looney Kitty, her eyes alive with fun, bent above him like a mother-bird, and fed him arsenic pellets.

"Dearest mother," laughed Rash, starting up, and endeavoring to calm Lady Standmore's agitation, "I won't take enough to poison me."

Lady Standmore dropped into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hand. "William," she cried brokenly, "a padded cell is all that can save Kitty now!"

(Chapter LXIII.)

Within the next few years Kitty's eccentricities developed amazingly. William Rash had risen to great heights politically; but he was sadly battered and bruised. His wife's childish gay and inconsistent pranks were frequently destructive to life and limb.

Recently, she had playfully thrust out one eye with a diamond-studded hatpin; but when he pressed her exquisite figure to his heart, and saw her fair, little head lying upon his shoulder, he forgot all save the madness he so loved.

Yet, in spite of his bribes and prayers, Kitty would go off again with Geoffrey Whiff. Whiff was anxious to stir up a revolution somewhere, and knowing Kitty's powers as a high explosive, he was determined to take her with him. She was worth many tons of dynamite to the cause.

He took no pains to flatter her, or conceal his purpose in desiring her; but he convinced her that in deserting Rash, she still held the justifying cards in her hand—Madness, and the courage to go where Madness leads.

(Chapter XCIX.)

William Rash had a few years of

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peace, and then the Dean came to him. "Looney Kitty wishes to return," he said gently.

Rash shuddered. "I have only one eye, my ear is gone too," he replied with a sad and charming courtesy. "If she comes back, I shall never be able to do England the services I might. And, then, she wrote a book—now, when everyone writes books! I thought her divinely, deliriously mad, when she was only commonplace. I could forgive all but that."

(Chapter CXX.)

Kitty and Rash met again. It was startlingly, strangely like the last act from "Camille." She prattled to him with her old, sweet madness, and he at last forgave her the hideous conventionality of a book. She was again his Kitty, splendidly, exotically insane; and Rash gathered her to his breast.

With a little, low laugh, and a movement of exquisite grace, she raised herself slightly in his arms, and poked out his remaining eye. Then, with a fond,

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inarticulate murmur, her delicate head with its sunny curls lay inertly upon his heart.

It was the end.—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in *New York Life*.

Freddie: "What's the difference between being sick and an invalid?"

Cobwigger: "An invalid, my boy, is one who makes those around him sick."
—Harper's Bazar.

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POND'S EXTRACT

The Stock Market

On the strength of more reassuring crop reports from the Northwest and South, the declaration of initial dividends on Erie second preferred, and rumors of another Union Pacific Railway deal of glamorous magnitude, the bull crowd made a courageous demonstration, and succeeded in bringing about quite sharp advances in various instances. The manipulative operations and designs were of too obvious and overt a character to deceive anybody except the inexperienced tenderfeet. As soon as the rise in quotations had been started, the "Street" was flooded with the customary well selected assortment of alluring rumors to give the movement a semblance of reasonable cause. There's no justification of any kind for specifying and enlarging upon these multifarious tales with which the speculative element lately deluded and amused itself.

The statement of the United States Steel Company, recently published, for the quarter ending June 30th last, showed net earnings of \$30,305,116. This, it must be confessed, is the most favorable quarterly statement submitted by the trust since September, 1903. There's no reason, however, to draw such ultra-optimistic conclusions from the figures given, as some of the curb-stone financiers of stock exchange purloins are disposed to do. No dividends on the common shares are as yet in sight, and none need be looked for during the balance of the year 1905, nor, it would seem, during 1906, unless the improvement in the steel trade should assume unexpectedly large proportions. The June quarterly net revenues, it must be added, are some \$6,300,000 below those of the same quarter in 1903. At the same time, it is necessary to point out that the trust's surplus balance, when compared with the figures of the corresponding quarter of 1903, discloses a shrinkage of \$12,000,000, quite a substantial amount even for a concern of such magnitudinous capitalization and earning power as is the United States Steel corporation. The company's

available surplus fund has been reduced some \$23,000,000 since 1903. In the face of these facts and figures, it may rightly be regarded as a very debatable question, whether or not the trust's financial position is now better fortified than it was two years ago, when supposedly reputable financiers were strongly advising widows and orphans to invest their funds in such "gilt edged" shares as Steel common, then selling in the 40's, and destined, afterwards, to slide down to less than 9. The preferred stock continues well-supported at above par, and it is suspected that quite a number of small investors have latterly seen fit to buy these shares on the belief that they may be regarded as permanently safe 7 per cent dividend payers. Whether they are right or wrong, the whirligig of time alone can and will demonstrate to the observer's satisfaction.

The Agricultural Department has, at the behest of the Southern Cotton Growers' Association, revised the June percentage of cotton acreage reduction of 11.4 per cent, and finally placed it at 14.9. This is well, but it may be gravely doubted whether any impartial person interested in the cotton market will be likely to take the latest Governmental figures as being any closer to the actual facts than was the previous and now officially discredited Holmes' report. The Government's statistical bureau should cut loose entirely from the Cotton Growers, and every other combination of agricultural producers that may consider itself privileged to interfere in the compilation of crop figures. The way things have been going latterly in Washington offices would justify the belief that our official crop reports will soon be held to be no more trustworthy than are those given out, in times of turbulent speculative excitement, by certain private houses actively engaged in million-dollar deals.

Erie second preferred is the last railway stock to be added to the list of dividend payers. The directors ordered the payment of the full 4 per cent dividend the stock is entitled to, payment to be made in semi-annual installments. In declaring the full rate of 4 per cent, for twelve months ahead, they followed the policy pursued by the directors of the Delaware and Hudson. The first installment is payable October 9, 1905, and the second April 9, 1906. There's every reason to assert with confidence that the surplus on hand amply warrants the distribution of this dividend. At the close of the fiscal year 1903-04, the surplus available for dividends on the second preferred amounted to \$1,096,000, after providing for the full 4 per cent on the first preferred shares. As there's only \$16,000,000 of second preferred outstanding, the full dividend calls for only \$640,000. The sharp rise in the price of the second preferred, after the announcement of the dividend, caused considerable surprise, yet was nothing extraordinary. At 75, the stock still returns a fair rate on the investment. It is considered a strong probability that it will ultimate-

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ly be retired, together with the first preferred. The position of the common shares has been strengthened by this late development. What was said here some months ago regarding Erie common is herewith repeated—this stock will sell at 75 in the not remote future, and should be bought for "keeps" on all sudden breaks. It's one of the few medium-priced shares of undoubtedly tempting prospects.

The lately published annual report of the Mercantile Marine Co. revealed a ruinous, ghastly deficit of \$2,039,150, that is to say, the ocean shipping trust failed by \$2,039,150 to earn fixed charges. Bitter competition and cut rates in the past year account for part of this deplorably bad showing. It has become clear by this time that J. P. Morgan's last conspicuous attempt at monopolization or "community-of-interest" experiment in 1901 must be regarded as an ignominious fiasco. There can be no lastingly successful trust operations in Neptune's vast dominion. The International Mercantile Marine Co. will, sooner or later, have to undergo a drastic reorganization. This is already foreshadowed by the extremely low prices quoted for the bonds and shares. There's practically no demand for them from the public. Clique support is all that's noticeable. London papers comment in an ironical manner upon the last statement and future prospects of this ill-starred enterprise.

European money centers are somewhat uneasy over the preparations now making for the floating of the large indemnity loan to be paid by Russia to Japan. Conservative opinion is that these financial operations cannot be carried through without inducing some unpleasant disturbance in money markets. The flotation of the bonds will probably cause a renewal of gold shipments from New York. Peace is considered to be the question of only a short time. Russian bonds were in brisk demand of late at rising quotations. The Bank of Japan has raised its rate of discount to about 8 1-3 per cent per annum.

The payments of initial and increased dividends by the railroad companies is strengthening bull hopes of a resumption of the upward movement in the fall on a large scale. Hints are making of some gigantic railway "deals," of which the Union Pacific-Illinois Central rumor is a representative specimen. Wall street romancers are once more busying themselves with the probable intentions and machinations of the mighty, audacious Harriman.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Fourth street brokers continue to complain of poor business. The large investor is not in evidence at this time, while the speculator is watching developments in Wall street very closely, on the notion that any bullish furore in

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that market will be promptly followed by a repetition of the good old times of three years ago. The past week's price changes have been small, transactions being on a limited scale and confined to but few issues.

United Railways preferred is steady at about 80¾, with little demand. The common is changing hands at 28½ to 28¾. The 4 per cent bonds are selling at 86¾.

Bank of Commerce is purchasable at about 336¼, and St. Louis Union at 375. Demand is of a decidedly petty character. For Fourth National 325 is bid, 335 asked. These quotations are, however, purely nominal. Third National is quoted at 324¾ bid, 326 asked. A lot of 25 American Central Insurance sold at 269.

Chicago Railway Equipment is selling at 6.90 and for American Credit Indemnity 162½ is bid, with none offering. For Candy common 7¾ is bid, for the first preferred 99 bid, 100½ asked.

Outside of the contemplated street railway car manufacturers' combine there's nothing at present to interest the financial community of this burg to any special extent. The combine promises to be largely over-capitalized on the usual vague and oversanguine expectations of the promoters. Negotiations had been in progress ever since the fall of 1904.

Bank clearances, last week, aggregated \$52,541,405, as against \$41,165,722 for the corresponding week of 1904.

Money rates unchanged. Drafts on New York are lower, being 35 cents discount bid, 25 discount asked. Sterling is quoted at 4.87½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

B. R., Vincennes, Ind.—Would recommend holding Baltimore & Ohio, and buying on a scale down. American Woolen common is a most risky speculation.

Reader—No, do not look for dividends on street railway stock mentioned in 1906. No dividends will be paid until extraordinary improvement expenditures have ceased. Company, for reason stated, is not earning 4 per cent on stock. Consolidation highly problematical. Would not bank on it.

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The Magazines

The International Studio for August, covers everything of interest in art, both in Europe and America, and as usual, it is a handsome number. The illustrations are excellent, especially the supplements which are reproductions in colors of works of H. B. Brabazon, Georges Kossiakoff and Arnold Mitchell. Among the interesting articles of the number are "The Water Color Art of H. B. Brabazon," by T. Martin Wood; "The Venice Exhibition," by Arthur Sinclair Covey; "The Textile Arts in Sweden," by Azel Tallberg; "The Salon of the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts," by Henri Frantz; "The Exhibition of Jewelry," by Rene Lalique; "Leaves from the Architectural Sketch Book of Georges Kossiakoff"; "The New York Water-Color Club's First Exhibition in England," art topics, and news from all the large centers and book reviews.

A goodly spread of readable fiction is that offered in *The Pilgrim*, for August. All the stories are by well-known writers. Reginald Wright Kauffman is represented by "The Debutante's Letters," Anne O'Hagan has "The Minister and Mary Ann"; Grace Duffy Boylan, "An Echo of Solomon's Song"; Karl Edwin Harriman, "The Light of Morning"; Kirkland B. Alexander, "Some Unbidden Guests"; L. M. Montgomery, "The Understanding of Sister Sara"; Gerald Austen, "Turning the Trick"; George M. Flagg, "Blood will Tell"; Mary G. Humphreys, "Love and War" and Lynn D. Follett, "Little Joe." But the fiction is not all. There are other articles, on topics of the day and the regular features concerning the household and its management.

The Metropolitan for August, is full of reading suitable to the season—light and airy, yet interesting, and of the pleasing variety. Prize stories, "A Work of Art," by Guy Wetmore Carryl; "By All Save Her Highness," by Stephen Gaillard and Alfred Henry Lewis, "The Arduous Rescue of Mr. Thompson," are among the leading fiction features. Several poems, among them some prize winners, also tend to brighten the number. Cecilia Loftus has one, "Impasse" "A Good Sunday School Scholar," by F. Strathman is a somewhat clever comic tale and "Outside the Law," the interesting detective serial, by James Barnes, has the usual number of thrills in this installment.

"Beneath the 'Bulldog's' Bilge," by T. Jenkins Hains, a forcible writer of marine stories, is easily the fiction feature of *McClure's*. But there are other good hot weather tales in the number, which also contains the second installment of Ida M. Tarbell's character study of John D. Rockefeller. Booth Tarkington has a story on "The Property-Man," and Myra Kelly's contribution is a clever tale of her favorite juvenile characters, entitled, "In Loco Parentis."

Tom Watson's Magazine for August, is a warm number in many respects. The editorials are full of ginger and cayenne pepper, and though they may

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not convince, they make one think. There are besides some articles of a socialistic character, contributed by well-known writers. G. Major Taber discusses, "The Cost of Our Moneyed Aristocracy"; Frederick Upham Adams, "The Money Show"; Hon. Joseph M. Deuel, "A Study in Crime"; and F. A. Edgerton, "Should the Government Own the Railways?" In fiction the number contains several selections, notably "Pecos the Peeler," by B. M. Bower and "Pole Baker," by Will N. Harben, which has been running serially in the magazine.

The second number of *Tales*, the magazine of foreign fiction, is a strong one. Myriam Harry's "Conquest of Jerusa-

lem," is a powerful psychological study as well as a tense portrayal of passion. A ghastly, grim sketch is Alfred Savoir's dramatic piece, "In Manchuria." All the stories are meaty. *Tales* is an unique publication, not for the mealy-mouthed or the nasty-nice-minded.

Current Literature is better than ever, since Edward J. Wheeler went over to it from the *Literary Digest*. It is packed with the essence of current literature from all over the world, and the condensation is done without spoiling the flavor. The August issue contains a story, "The Crime of Old Blas," by Catulle Mendes. *Current Literature* is an encyclopedia of things of literary interest.

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Rhymeless Words

The amateur poet scratched his head. "It must be somewhere," he murmured, "but where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm writing a verse and I want a rhyme, but I can't find it. I want a rhyme for the word 'twelfth.'"

"Good reason," replied his friend, "there's no such rhyme in the English language. That isn't the only unrhymed word. According to Tom Hood there are just a score of them, although he forgot to include that word. His list includes bilge, chimney, coif, crimson, culm, cusp, fugue, gulf, have, kiln, microcosm, month, mouth (verb), oblige, rhomb, scare, scarf, silver, widow, and window. Some of these words may be rhymed by two others combined, such as 'did, oh,' for widow, but none can be rhymed with another single word."

When this statement appeared in the New York Sun it brought forth a letter from one, "Jabez O'Shaugnessy," who writes: "When Tom Hood prepared his list of unrhymable words he made one mistake, according to the pronunciation that is current in various parts of the United States at this time. Hood said that the word 'have' has no rhyme. How's this?"

In the springtime what troubles the weary farmers have,
When fifty million cows begin all at once to calve!

"Of course, the dictionaries say that the words do not rhyme, but the Sun says that the dictionaries don't know it all. In some sections of the country, principally in New England and Greater New York, the words may not rhyme, but among the farmers of nearly all sections they do."

Where to Shop

Shopping is an art that has been brought to perfection in the last fifty years. A good shopper is indeed an artist. Not everybody can be a good shopper, but they can follow some of the common rules laid down for their guidance, and do right well. The principal thing in shopping is to buy the best. To do this one must go to the most reliable stores. For instance, if a person wish to buy a watch, ring, diamond or any other article of jewelry the proper thing to do is to go to Mermod, Jaccard and King's, Broadway and Locust street, a store that has the reputation that comes of long years of honest trading, as well as the best quality of goods in great variety. Every article bought there can be relied upon to give satisfaction in every respect. At present some of the best and handsomest pieces of tableware are on sale at marvelously low prices—articles such as cut glass and silver water-sets and silver tea and breakfast sets. Besides there is an endless variety of useful and ornamental articles—odd pieces—all selling at prices that everyone can afford to meet. It pays to buy of Mermod, Jaccard & King.

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Feminism in Modern Music

Chopin's psychical delicacy need not be dwelt upon here. It is a thrice-told tale. Everything from the material envelope to his innermost nature was feminine, morbidly feminine. He stamped every bar of his mazurkas, waltzes, and nocturnes and impromptus with this feminine seal, fiercely masculine as are many other of his matchless compositions. And the womanly element played an important role in his life, more so than with any composer except Berlioz or Wagner. While the polonaises, scherzos, ballades, the greater portion of the etudes and preludes, are of heroic quality, the major portion of his music may truthfully be called feminine.

Mendelssohn is another of the slender, delicate men who wrote music. Hyper-refined, wealthy, he was an aristocrat in his habits, and fastidious in his compositions. The distinctively feminine note is generally there, and his music is all nerve, motion, fire—but little substance. Not so in Franz Liszt, who recalls one of those chivalric figures in Hungarian history, at once a warrior and a courtier. Only that there is an overplus of ornament, showy and barbaric, in his piano music, his muse is masculine. That he could paint in tone the feminine soul is proved by his Faust Symphony, with its poetic Gretchen section, and also his Dante Symphony. And the songs—they are redolent of feminine poesy.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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General Sherman once had occasion to stop at a country home where a tin basin and a roller-towel on the back porch sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings, the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's efforts at making a toilet under the unfavorable auspices, but when on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used and returned to their places in the traveler's grip, he could suppress his curiosity no longer, so boldly put the question: "Say mister, air you always that much trouble to yo'se'f?"

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Solomon explained his magic carpet my feet," he announced.

"It doesn't show if I forget to wipe Considering the number of Mrs. S's this was indeed an advantage.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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THE MIRROR

How to Clean White Shoes.

Keeping white shoes clean is one of the difficult tasks this season. In an immaculate state nothing prettier can be worn on the feet, but spots spoil them, marring the general effect of a whole costume.

The shops now carry several different cleaning preparations, any of which is good if put up by reliable firms. These liquids and powders as a rule, though, are good only for removing slight dirt, and for that reason, it is part of wisdom to use one of these powders or fluids each time that the shoes are taken off. This will keep them in such good condition that hard cleaning will be unnecessary.

A packet of French chalk and pipe clay should be near the dressing table of every girl, for it will aid with her shoes. If canvas or suede has slight spots, chalk rubbed in well with a cloth will cover them entirely. The chalk should then be brushed off with a stiff brush. Art gum, a soft eraser used by artists, is also well to have, as it will wipe away slight spots. The same eraser, too, by the way, will clean spots on corsets caused by dark dress bands rubbing. Pipe clay is applied in a paste, made with water and brushed out when dry.

Stains that come from grass or seaweed are the two most difficult to remove and chalk should be tried with them first. If this does no good, alcohol sometimes will make them disappear, but the objection to it is the danger of a liquid causing the stain to spread. This may be obviated by making a wet ring around the spot and covering the circle with chalk. Then when the alcohol is put on, the chalk will absorb any that spreads. It can be brushed out when dry.

If canvas shoes have become so spoiled that nothing less than a good wash will clean them, they should have a thorough scouring. Before doing this, be sure to put the shoes on trees. Then make a strong suds with white soap and ammonia, and, putting in the shoe trees and all, scour them with a stiff nail brush. Do this until soil is removed, but never rub soap directly on the canvas. Rinse, again brushing, and finish with bluing water. Put in the sun to dry, and if later the shoes seem yellow wet them with clear water and put them out to bleach. Trees not only will make the shoes retain their shape, but will prevent them from shrinking too much. After the last drying, the canvas may be rubbed with pipe clay to make it even whiter.

Suede, glaze kid and calfskin can be cleaned by wiping over with gasoline.

If the brown heels and soles of canvas shoes look dull after washing, they should be rubbed hard with tissue paper and then with chamois, and if they are still dull, they should be polished with prepared tan varnish that is used on tan leather. If the canvas or suede has been cleaned with prepared whitening, specks of the powder should be removed from the soles and heels with wet tissue paper, and then rubbed bright with a cloth. This same treatment will usually restore the shine to brown heels and soles when they have become dull from use, and keep them looking new.

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